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THE MAN WHO CAPTURED U.S. NUCLEAR PLANTS



SIDESHOW SEX FICTION





VOLUME 13 NUMBER 4

october

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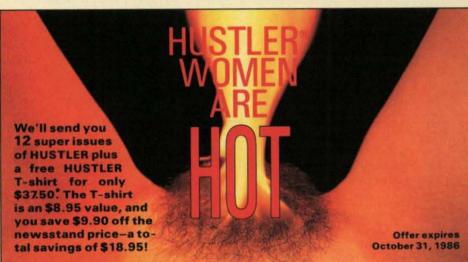


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Cover photo by Ladi von Jansky



just loved the way those two guys took care of her, especially when one of them took charge and pulled Sheila's ass cheeks apart and filled her hole with his -R. H. tongue.

Cheneyville, Louisiana

JUMPING FOR JULY:

Your July '86 covergirl and centerfold, Janette, is the hottest babe that we've seen grace the pages of HUSTLER in a long time.

She's built like a bronze sex goddess and makes our great country worth defending. Me and my fellow sailors have been to many countries, and we've all had our share of women, but none of them even comes close to the beauty of this small-town Oklahoma girl. She's so hot that we have trouble keeping the pages of our issue from getting stuck together. In closing, a word to Janette: Baby, with a body like yours, we can't figure out why you're so lonely. You say that you have no special man in your life, but believe us sailors when we say that you have 25 of this nation's "finest" ready and willing to fulfill your wildest dreams.

> -The Men of Weapons Berthing USS Kalamazoo (AOR-6)

Your July '86 issue is one of the best HUSTLERs ever. The cover is great! The idea to use the "peel-here" stickers over the girl's nipples makes it the greatest front page I have ever seen on any men's magazine. I realize it must have added some cost to the production of the magazine, but I will gladly pay it, as I have always enjoyed great covers. I sincerely hope this is not a one-time special, but in-

In the July '86 issue you showed one of the best erect-clit shots that I have ever seen: Vanessa Del Rio's in "Behind the Scenes: The Dark Brothers' 'Devil in Miss Iones.' "This mag is a buyer's dream. Let me say that HUSTLER is worth \$4.50 'cause I know exactly what I'm getting in each issue. Thanks for being consistent. I give you a "Fully Erect" rating. Rochester, New York

My wife and I enjoyed your 12th Anniversary issue, especially "Behind the Scenes: The Dark Brothers' 'Devil in Miss Jones.' "



Corporate Cooze

My wife can't believe it's possible for a woman to take two cocks in her pussy at the same time like Amber Lynn does.

However, she is very excited at the idea and now would like to try it herself. My question is, are there any doublepenetration videos that are available for -B. D. and B. C. us to purchase? Los Angeles, California

Check the detailed, insightful reviews each month in the HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment section, or the bimonthly HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE Magazine, to find out what's happening in current releases. HUSTLER also advertises a wide variety of film and video products.

SINNING IN AMERICA:

I'd like to respond to your "Sin Cities" article [July '86]. I live pretty close to San Fagcisco, and I say that Carson City, Nevada, smokes it! The first, second and third time I got laid was at the Moonlight Ranch (and the last time too). I've been buying HUSTLER off and on for yearsit's vile and perverted, just like me.

Mountain View, California

In response to your article, "Sin Cities," your readers should know that the Blue Max Casino in Worcester, Massachusetts, has been closed. Plans to relocate it to Park Avenue have been shot down because of a petition from the Piedmont Community Center. Also, the working girls in this town usually hang out on Piedmont Street-but beware of police decoys. -B. R.

Worcester, Massachusetts

FEMALE HUMORS:

I am appalled and disgusted at the socalled humor in your *Bits and Pieces* feature titled: "Welcome Back, Shauna" [July '86]. How insensitive can you be?

As someone who briefly knew Shauna Grant, I am particularly upset that your magazine would ever present an item this cruel! The few months of memories that I have of her are a priceless treasure, and to see her depicted in that feature makes me furious!

Shauna's many fans and myself have suffered for over two years now. Perhaps you are incapable of realizing the pain we felt at her suicide. What your magazine did was inexcusable. Speaking on behalf of those of us who knew and loved Shauna, we feel that an apology is due. —J. P. Chicago, Illinois

I have just viewed your July '86 anniversary issue. Congratulations! Thanks to the b.o. tampons ad parody-what you choose to call humor-no HUSTLER publication will be sold in our store as of this date. It has taken years for sanitary napkins and tampons to come out of the brown wrappers and be sold on shelves without shame and embarrassment. I do

not need the airheads of the Meese Commission to tell me what to sell. You hung yourself with your own rope.

-Mrs. C. W. Nelson B&B Drug Stratton, Colorado

I am enclosing a copy of an editorial written by Jasper S. Wyman, who attempted but failed to pass an antiporn referendum in Maine. The editorial charges, in part, that HUSTLER carries child-sex and incest cartoons. I have no idea what issues of HUSTLER are referred to as I have never seen anything in your magazine that showed children or promoted sex with children. I have been selling HUSTLER for the past seven years. Wyman made it clear that HUSTLER and Penthouse are on his "hit-list," though he claims that Playboy is okay.

As a woman, I've always found HUSTLER to be better than *Playboy* or *Penthouse*. Maybe I'm crazy, but I think that you are courageous and real liberated.

–H. P.

Augusta, Maine

At least there's one woman reader who can take a joke. HUSTLER lampoons society's taboos, excesses and hypocrisy with humor designed to shock readers into thinking about the subject. "Shauna" was a jab at pornindustry ghouls who reuse footage of dead dolls, and "b.o." acknowledges the flood of menstrual-product ads that society once blacklisted.

MEESEGATE:

If the Ed Meese Commission on Pornography still thinks something is harmful about pornography after the commission's inconclusive findings, then they should put a warning label on videos and magazines, like this one:

"WARNING! Ed Meese III, the Attorney General, has determined that substantial viewing of pornography or listening to rock records backwards might cause: headaches, warts, blindness, insanity or eternal damnation."

Let adult Americans make their own decisions on what they choose to have for their own personal entertainment.

-B. R. Los Angeles, California

THE HUNT FOR HUNTER:

I bought the July '86 HUSTLER EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE and was thrilled to see a face not seen before, starring in the film Sex Crimes 2084. Her name is Siobhan Hunter. Show more of this girl: full-length shots, nothing left out, in a pullout centerfold. Also, continue your Beaver Hunt with Asian and Mexican girls.

Les Verses Namedo.

Las Vegas, Nevada

Entertainment Editor Doug Oliver is on the tail of Siobhan Hunter for one of HUSTLER's classic X-rated photo-interviews.

FLIPPING FOR HUSTLER:

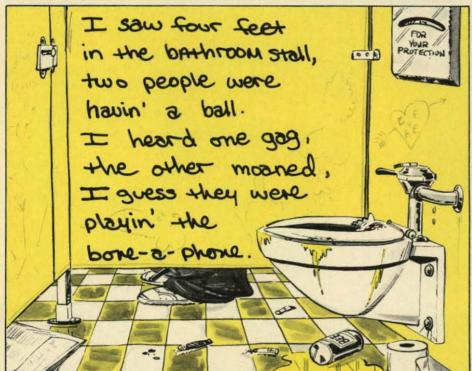
I am a regular reader of HUSTLER, but obtaining copies has been a difficult and tedious process for me. I would like to get ahold of HUSTLER through the mail. You see, the cost of finding just one copy of HUSTLER here in Manila is quite prohibitive. There are no dealers. To obtain HUSTLER in the Philippines, one has to go more than 60 miles north of Manila to Angeles City or Olangapo City, which are the sites of U.S. military bases. Or you have to have friends who are generous enough to lend or give you their copies. That's what it takes to be an avid HUSTLER reader in the Philippines.

-F. R. Quezon City, Philippines

Readers in the Philippines and anywhere that HUSTLER is difficult to find can easily receive the magazine by air-mail subscription. For details, turn to the ad on page 4.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly printed) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Include a phone number (with area code) if you want your letter considered for publication.

GRAFFILTHY



THANX, END \$50 to our contributor

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HEALTH NUTS

I was trying out for the high-school football team when I first went to the healthfood store. I wanted some super vitamins that would give me an endurance edge. I didn't find the ones I wanted, but I kept going back.

Sylvia, the owner of the store, was 45 years old. I know because that was the first thing she told any customer who stayed at least five minutes. But even in bright light you would swear she was 20 years younger. Sylvia never wore a bra, her tits straining against tight T-shirts, sticking right up in your face, saying "Hello." Those knockers gave me an instant hard-on, but focusing on her big blue eyes was even worse. They made my head swim. Stuttering and twitching, I felt like a 12-year-old retard whenever I tried to get closer to Sylvia.

I didn't know how to come on to an older woman, and she kept me off-balance by always telling me how happily married she was and never missing a chance to remind me that she was old enough to be my mother. She knew I was hot for her, and I figured she was using those remarks to keep me at bay. But I knew she liked me; so I hung around.

She could talk for hours about nutrition and the proper diet. I didn't really listen much, but she was real cute and earnest when she lectured. Pretending to listen gave me an excuse to stare at her and imagine how it would feel to have her legs wrapped around my back while I slipped my prick in and out of her cunt.

One day she shocked me by saying that the best thing for a woman's complexion is semen. I asked if she meant drinking it, and she blushed, which made her look even sexier. Primly, she told me that she meant rubbing it in, and she patted her cheeks. Picturing her dainty fingers smeared with my jizz nearly made me shoot off in my pants. I said, "You could use it all over your body, eh?"

She laughed, saying she was lucky to get enough for her face. She tried to change the subject when she realized what she'd just told me about this husband she was so happily married to, but I wouldn't let that remark go by.

I could jack off 16 times a night thinking of Sylvia, and I could have given her a bath in cum. But I didn't say that though. I did tell her that I'd be willing to help out—the way a girlfriend might lend her a bottle of shampoo. I could have kicked myself for saying that, because I was afraid that she would say, "Okay, come



back tomorrow with a bottle of jizz." But Sylvia was so hot for some cum that she locked up the place and led me into the storeroom.

Just when I thought things were going great, Sylvia handed me a teacup and told me to yell when I was done. Then she turned to leave.

Thinking fast, I shoved my pants down to show her that my cock wasn't fully hard. I had this hang-up about jacking off; so I told her that I needed her help. I also told Sylvia that she might as well take her clothes off, since she wanted it all over her body.

Just showing her my dick started to get me harder, and I was afraid my prick would shoot too quick. Luckily, she moved fast, stripping everything but her panties. With those bouncy tits, that flat belly and rounded ass she made a lot of girls my age look sick.

She knelt in front of my chair, rattling on about all the beneficial protein in semen and how I shouldn't get the wrong idea about this. Meanwhile, she was smearing her thumb with the pre-cum from my dick and rubbing her face until it gleamed.

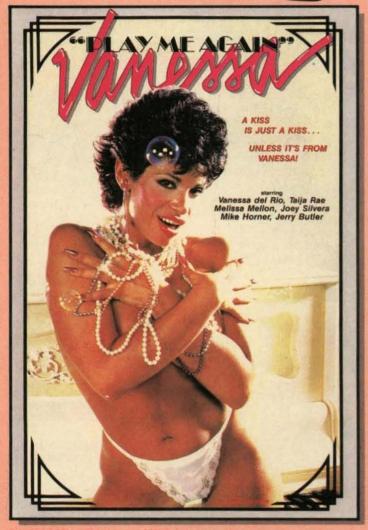
My cock felt like it was packed full of deranged fire ants. When she circled my root with her fingers and gave it a tentative pull, it spattered a creamy wad between her eyes. Crooning with pleasure, she smeared it all over her face with one hand while pumping my dong with the other.

Sylvia wanted to jump into her clothes after she got the last drop, but I grabbed her and said there was more where that came from if she wanted to give it a little effort. After hemming and hawing and again reminding me how happily married she was, Sylvia leaned forward and began sucking my pud. She didn't object when I started playing with her tits. She sucked even harder as her nipples hardened from my tweaking.

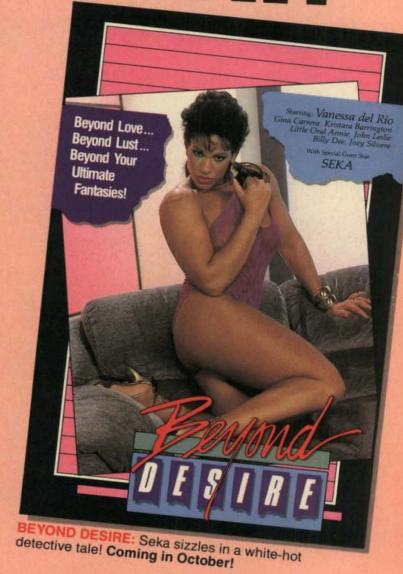
I never would have believed I had so much willpower, but I warned her to pull her mouth away, and she took the next hot spurts on her quivering breasts. This time I helped rub the jizz into her skin, and she moaned at each touch.

Sylvia tried to call it quits again, but I peeled her panties down as she rose and buried my face in her hot, hairy cunt before she realized what I had in mind. Her protests didn't convince me-not with her ass vibrating like a punching bag and her cunt juice searing my chin.

I pulled Sylvia down to the floor and got her right where I'd been wanting her all along: flat on her back with my hard cock pounding in and out of her honey-dripping pussy. This time, though, when I suggested pulling out to give her another skin treatment, she damn near broke my ribs with her clutching thighs. She pulled me in and held me tight until I had



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She called for the next guy, and before long she had cum dripping down her mouth from four different pricks.

pumped a full load of cum into her pussy.

I've been giving her daily treatments since that fulfilling afternoon, and only about a third of my cum winds up outside of her cunt. So if her theory is right, the inside of her pussy must be the picture of health.

-B.E.

Truth or Consequences, New Mexico

STAFF PARTY

I'm a waiter in an expensive Manhattan restaurant, with an almost all-male service staff. The single exception is a sexy bartender named Wendy. Each of us at the restaurant had tried to get into her pants from time to time, but she consistently refused to go out with any of us. That is until one special night.

Wendy is a member of an amateur community theater group and was having an end-of-show party on her night off. She lives near the club and invited all the waiters who were working that night to the party after the restaurant closed.

We all got there rather late, and the party was almost over. There were only three or four people left, but there was a half-keg of beer left over. So me and three others from the restaurant settled in to finish off the brew.

While we were out on the patio drinking beer, Wendy came out and told us that everyone else had left, but we were welcome to stay and finish the beer while she got ready for bed. She was drunk and having trouble staying on her feet. When she turned to go back into the house, she stumbled and fell. Rising and steadying herself, she turned to us and said, "On second thought, why don't y'all come help me get ready for bed?"

We all gave each other quizzical looks as she went back into the house. I finally said, "What do you suppose she meant by that?" Someone answered, "Let's go find out." And we all trooped into the house.

Wendy was standing in the hall waiting for us. Frank was the first one to reach her, and he began to unbutton her blouse. Kent went around behind her, removed her blouse and unsnapped her bra. Oscar knelt down and removed her shoes. As she unzipped her jeans and began wiggling them down her hips, Frank and I helped her pull them off. I was kneeling and found myself staring right at her crotch; so I started kissing her muff while the other guys were rubbing their hands or lips over various parts of Wendy's luscious body.

Wendy pushed my head back and then brushed everyone else off as she said, "Not yet-let's all go take a shower." When she got to the doorway of the bathroom, she turned, glanced at us and said, "Y'all can't take a shower with your clothes on." In quick order there were four naked guys with rock-hard pricks trying to get through the door.

Wendy started the shower and sat in the middle of the tub with water cascading over her head. I was first in the tub as Wendy announced, "One at a time."

She grasped my dick, pulling me into her. I was blocking the flow of water with my body as she opened her mouth to take my cock between her lips.

Cupping my balls in her hand, Wendy stroked my cock with her mouth until I shot my load. It didn't take long. Then, with cum dripping from her mouth, she called for the next guy, and before long she had cum dripping down her mouth from four different pricks.

We helped her out of the shower and toweled her off as Frank took her by the hand and led her into the bedroom. When Frank and Wendy got to the bed, she shoved him onto the mattress, then grabbed me and pushed me down too. Frank and I were lying on our backs next to each other as she mounted him, sliding her pussy down over his prick. She held onto my dick tightly as she fucked Frank.

Wendy leaned over and whispered into Frank's ear, "Fuck my ass," then she shifted over and put my dick up her cunt. Her butt was sticking up in the air for Frank, and he mounted her doggy-style. My second orgasm was intense, but I stayed hard enough to remain in her cunt as Frank fucked her bunghole.

I hadn't noticed what Kent and Oscar were doing while this was going on but, when we switched places, I stroked my dick while watching Wendy take Kent and Oscar into her cunt and ass.

We each fucked her once more before I drifted off to sleep; the others had left by then. I wrote this letter at her kitchen table the next morning while she fixed coffee, wearing nothing but an apron. She made me promise to provide her with a load of "cream" for her coffee, which I gladly did. I didn't have to be at work until six that evening; so it was a great day.

—L. D.

Uniondale, New York

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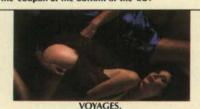
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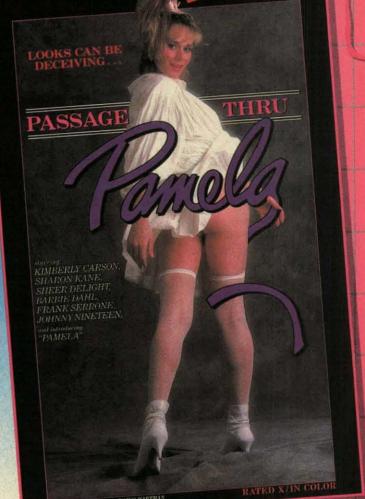
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ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Ron Reagan knows a pain in the ass. We don't mean polyps, either, but rather U.S. Commission on Civil Rights Chairman Clarence Pendleton Jr., the antibusing, antiquota, antiminority Negro who further discredits his race by being Asshole of the Month.

Uppity best describes how this political nugget treats even his massah at the White House. This arrogant burr in the tail of civil rights lashed out at one of the few women/minority programs that Reagan and his thugs support, the set-aside program, which guarantees that some federal contracts go to businesses owned by women or minorities. Pendleton backed a staff report with vague charges that a number of firms were fraudulent. Despite substantial opposition from all fronts, this Jesse Helms in tarbaby drag vowed to continue his efforts to annihilate the program. Ironically, Pendleton himself once attempted unsuccessfully to get minorityvendor status after he started up an industrial-supply com-

Clarence Pendleton Jr.



pany with two white partners.

Civil Rights Commissioners Mary Frances Berry and Blandina Cardenas Ramirez called the set-aside report "an example of commission work at its shoddiest." A Government Accounting Office (GAO) audit of the commission discovered "irregularities," including "unusually bad" record keeping; \$175,000 in "unidentifiable costs"; undisclosed outside sources who paid for travel, a practice legal only by nonprofit groups; and more. The GAO audit prompted Congresswoman Patricia Schroeder (D-Colorado) to ask, "How can we explain to our constituents the fact that we give this sleazy outfit \$12 million a year to waste?" At press time Congress was considering withholding all funding from the commission.

Pendleton and an assistant

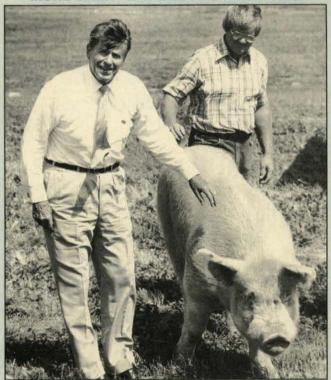
are under investigation by the **Small Business Administration** dating to when the middleclass, college-educated Negro headed San Diego's Urban League-a sort of Rotary Club for blacks in business. He left the organization with a \$179,000 deficit, and it also had to sue to recover some of the \$9,900 in "vacation pay" Pendleton gave himself on his final day of work. He has also gouged taxpayers for more than \$60,000 a year-a fulltime rate-for his part-time commission post.

This shufflin' bureaucrat follows his motto: "The best way to help poor folks is not to be one." His claim that minorities and women can become successful on their own ignores the reality that these groups would have no gains in business without help from government-enforced programs. It also mocks the role of the Civil Rights Commission as advocate for the oppressed. If this asshole isn't put in his place, there goes the civil-rights neighborhood.

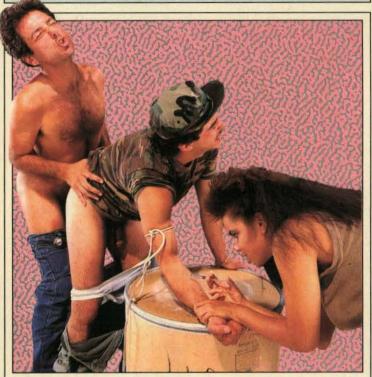
In the Penile Colony

hough these hardened cons are resigned to a life of busting rocks, it's a safe bet they never expected to wind up spending this much time in the hole. Occasionally someone will shoot off his mouth with some vein talk of making a break but, as you can see, none of them really have the balls.

MORE GREAT MOMENTS WITH RONNIE



President Reagan visits the Midwest, accompanied here by a flattered farmer and Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill.



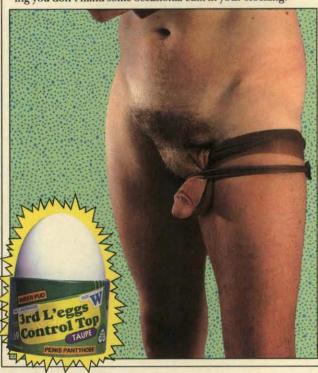
Contra AIDS

ere's a method of undermining the Nicaraguan government that should be far more effective than costly military assistance. By infecting the *contra* rebels with AIDS, we'll be giving them the perfect weap-

on-all they have to do is buttfuck and shoot up any Latinos who aren't sympathetic to the revolution. It sounds harsh but, hey, banana revolutions have proved that no matter who wins, the average guy gets the shaft.

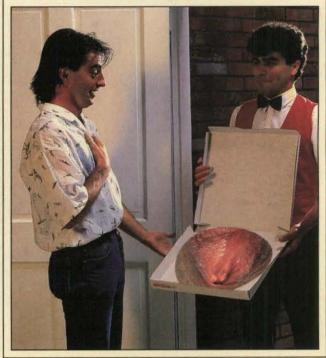
Jockeyhose

hy should women be the only ones to enjoy the comfort of silken support? With 3rd L'eggs penis pantyhose well-hung guys can dress their peckers in style. Feel how the tingle of nylon against nuts triggers sudden spurts of sheer energy. Best of all, in a pinch they can double as rubbers, assuming you don't mind some occasional cum in your stocking.



Hot Box Delivery

nybody can bring you a pizza, but when it's one of those long, lonely nights, Pussy Man really delivers. A pipinghot hair pie is just a phone call away. You get your choice of thick or thin crust, bushy or bare, but so far they haven't been able to do anything about the taste of anchovies.

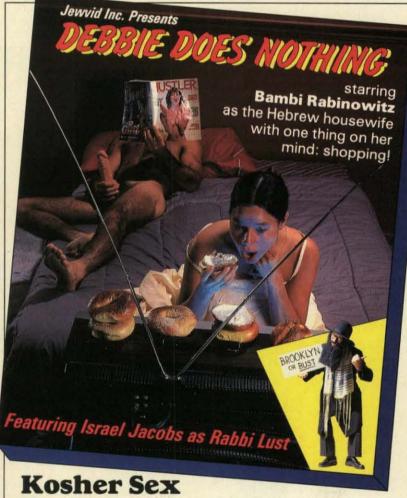




Vom-Mitt

othing is more embarrassing for the fashionable bulimic than to be caught without a toilet handy when that bloated feeling comes on. That's where the Vom-Mitt comes in handy. It fits in a purse, it's washable and reusable, and scientifically contoured to put an end to messy splatter. Barf the modern way with hand with hand way with hand way with hand way with hand way with hand way.



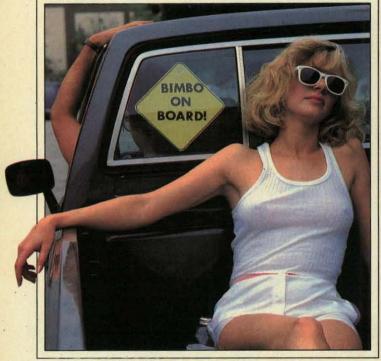


n an effort to alert our readers to alternative forms of entertainment, no matter how kinky or sick, we present the latest offering from Jewvid Inc. Debbie Does Nothing is certainly a change of pace from

typical hard-core fare, with ice-cold Bambi Rabinowitz, a jaded JAP who won't spread 'em for anybody, not even poor hubby. Though he longs for her furry fish, all he gets is pickled herring.

Sign of the Times

s long as everyone is so keen on announcing cuddly cargo these days, why not alert fellow drivers to the truly interesting features on the road? After all, nobody but other yuppies really gives a damn if you've got a whole nursery of babies





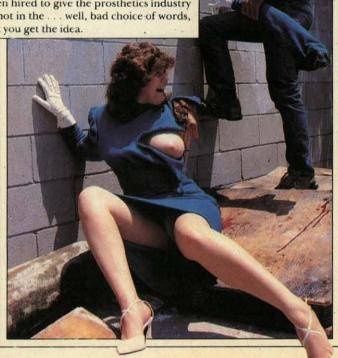
Gay Mart

ttention, all you Gay Mart shoppers . . . we are now featuring a special discount on vibrating butt plugs in Aisle 3. Look for the blue-light special. These babies are priced

to move. . . . " Well, it's only a matter of time. Where else is a festive fellow going to find a super market to fulfill all his shopping needs? At long last the high cost of homo-fetish accessories need no longer discourage the budget-minded cocksucker.

Arm Robbery

obody knows just what they want them for, but despite their disarming style, this new breed of criminal poses a definite threat to law-abiding citizens everywhere. Authorities are asking for a hand in fingering these limb-looters, who will get more than a slap on the wrist when captured. Police speculate that they've been hired to give the prosthetics industry a shot in the . . . well, bad choice of words, but you get the idea.



RUBBER BEIDE Not for Puritans f wide-open erotica is your thing, Puritan will blow your

mind. After suspending publication for several years, the glossiest hard-core magazine in the world is back in action. You won't see it on many newsstands, but you can subscribe from them for \$44.85 (4 issues) at Bulk Forwarding, Box 1218, Bethlehem, PA 18016. Be sure to include \$2.50 for postage and handling.

OCTOBER HUSTLER



* * Sex News Bits Final

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

October 1986

Crime Down Under

Sydney, Australia-To date, a little more than 200 people are suffering from AIDS in Australia, and about 100 have died. However, at least one enterprising criminal has come up with a way to profit from the situation. So now the search is on for the elusive "AIDS bandit," who-pale, coughing and wheezingenters small stores and brandishes a syringe at the employees. The holdup man tells the frightened workers that the syringe contains AIDS virus and threatens to inject them with it if they don't hand over the cash. So far nobody has resisted.

Meat Market

Wilmington, Delaware-For those who are sick of tacky singles bars, there's a healthy alternative in Wilmington-the local Shop 'N Bag supermarket. Grocery manager John Colantuono has instituted a weekly "aisles of love" singles night. Among the

festivities are a popsicle-licking competition and a "know your meat" contest, in which blindfolded contestants feel and attempt to identify various cuts of meat. Risque business, indeed!

The More the Merrier

Kedah, Malaysia-Since a law change earlier this year made it legal for a man to have more than one wife, the Religious Affairs Department in Kedah has been anticipating a rush for polygamy permits. Strangely, not many men have applied, and many applicants withdraw once they learn of an unfortunate clause in the law: The first wife must give her permission.

Horny Toads

Arbroath, Scotland-It's that most-romantic of times, mating season for the Scottish toads. Unfortunately, this makes for a rather sticky situation on the main highway between Arbroath and Brechin, which the horny toads must cross in order

Porn From the Past



Release your grip on antique filth and spread it around. Send those vintage photos to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We'll pay \$150 for any picture we use. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your shots

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Now we're blood brothers!"

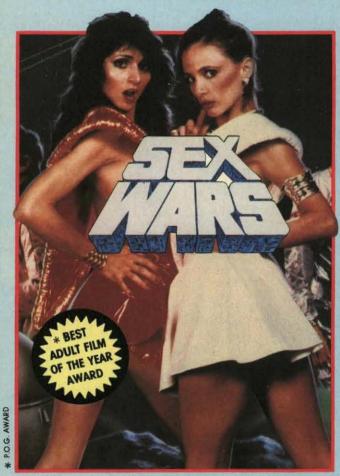
to reach the mating ponds. Dr. Alastair Sommerville of the Scottish Wildlife Trust explains that, in their eagerness "to secure a decent female," many males latch onto a female toad on the wrong side of the road and ride her across. This can take as long as ten minutes and greatly increases the chances of their blissful union ending under the wheels of a car. Wonder if the buggers get off before they croak?

A Madam's Profitable Tales

New York City-Judge Hortense W. Gabel of the New York State Supreme Court had good news for Sydney Biddle Barrows, the infamous "Mayflower Madam," whose stable of prostitutes catered to the rich and famous. Gabel has ruled that Barrows is entitled to keep all the profits from the sale of book and movie rights to her life story. The state Crime Victims Board had attempted to seize a piece of the action, but the judge ruled this was a victimless crime.

Contributors mitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For this month \$150 goes to Adam Goldman. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred. Said commentary is printed for the purpose of educating our readers through social commentary, and not necessarily as a humorous feature designed to enhance our readership. 🏖





STARRING: Laurie Smith, Paul Thomas, Robin Cannes, Richard Pacheco, Gale Sterling, Billy Dee, & Mai Lin

SEX WARS is an erotic take-off on the Space Saga films of late. It is the first adult film with major studio sci-fi flash and flesh. Reviewers have called this film the "BEST ADULT FILM EVER PRODUCED."

10,000 years have passed since an erotic war destroyed all known life on the planet Tyros, in the star system of Lesbos. Mysteriously, in recent years, spaceships have often vanished when navigating in that region of space. To quell spreading fears, the galactic federation sent out a cruiser class starcraft to investigate the strange occurances around Tyros. It also vanished. A rescue mission is sent; manned by Brinker Duo, Mark Starkiller, Princess Layme, and of course, the robot 4-Q! What follows are some of the most erotic scenes ever filmed; to divulge any more would spoil the surprise ending. May the farce be with youl

Since we also feel that this is clearly the best adult film of all time, we guarantee that you will enjoy it completely! Period! If you disagree just send it back, no questions asked, and we will exchange it for the adult movie of your choice - all you pay is shipping.



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THIS MONTHS TOP 40

- 2 TEN LITTLE MAIDENS
- 3 TABOO AMERICAN STYLE IV 4 SNAKE EYES
- 5 GRAFENBERG SPOT
 6 DEADLY LOVE
 7 RAW TALENT
- 8 CAUGHT FROM BEHIND IV
- 9 SPITFIRE 10 TABOO IV

- 11 FIRESTORM 12 EVERY WOMAN FANTASY 13 INSATIABLE II
- 14 NEW WAVE HOOKER 15 DEEP THROAT
- 16 STIFF COMPETITION 17 IRRESISTIBLE II
- 18 DANGEROUS STUFF
- 19 SUZIE SUPERSTAR II
- ☐ 20 HOTTER CHOCOLATE

- ☐ 21 ALEXANDRA
- 22 PINK LAGOON
- 23 BETWEEN THE CHEEKS
- ☐ 24 DIXIE RAY
- 25 SCOUNDRELS 26 GIRLS ON FIRE
- 27 TALK DIRTY TO ME IV
- 28 2002: SEX ODYSSEY
- 29 GREAT SEXPECTATIONS
- 30 TRINITY BROWN
- 31 SURRENDER IN PARADISE
 32 PROFESSIONAL JANINE
- 33 SHE'S SO FINE
- 34 PASSAGE THROUGH PAMELA
- 35 THROAT 12 YEARS AFTER
- 36 TRASHY LADY
- 37 BEYOND DESIRE
- 39 BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR 40 PLAY IT AGAIN VANESSA

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X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Doug Oliver

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Every Woman Has a Fantasy, Part 2

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Sandra Winters; written by Sandra Winters and Edwin Durell; directed by Edwin Durell; starring Lois Ayres, John Leslie, Kelli Richards, Paul Thomas, Kari Foxx, Troy Tannier



Luscious Lois Ayres sparks many a fantasy in 'Every Woman, Part 2.'

and Nina Hartley. Running time: 80 minutes.

This engaging sequel is a worthy followup to the first Every Woman, one of 1984's most highly acclaimed adult films. The direction, photography, lighting and music are all superior to 90% of what's being produced in porn films today-as is the acting. Lois Ayres and John Leslie, in particular, shine in their roles. Where Part 2 falters is in its sex scenes. They're certainly arousing . . . there just aren't enough of them. (Even though two of the four fuck sequences are quite lengthy and are intended as additional sexual encounters, the participants are the same, and the effect, ultimately, is that the proceedings have

simply been prolonged.)

This time around, Ben and Teri
Conti (Leslie and Ayres) are acting out their sexual fantasies on a
regular basis. Ben, posing as a
masseur, adopts the mincing,
lisping mannerisms of a stereotypical homosexual. He surprises
Teri by sliding his magic fingers
deep into her aching snatch, then
uses his stiff cock to round out
the deep massage. He also masquerades as a chauffeur in a ladyand-the-limo-driver fantasy that
results in the sultry Ayres slip-



'Every Woman': Nina Hartley plunges headlong into fantasyland.

ping into some exotic leather gear for a backseat boffing.

Invited to discuss her brandnew book of sex fantasies on a cable-TV show, Teri describes in detail a steamy threeway involving Kari Foxx, Troy Tannier and Nina Hartley that begins with the ladies modeling some sexy lingerie for their horny stud. In this long sequence Tannier spews the goo twice-after his dipstick is double-licked by the girls' talented tongues, and in a sensational anal scene in which he enthusiastically ass-fucks Foxx doggy-style while Nina and Kari are eagerly gobbling gash.

The film's final scene finds Ayres and Leslie paired with Paul Thomas and Kelli Richards. Their carnal capers are highlighted by some excellent shots of the totally turned-on Richards's sopping wet pussy. (This is, by the way, something of a landmark movie for Richards-it's one of the very few in which she doesn't get her fudge packed.)

Though lacking a little of the

sizzle and richness of plot of the original, Every Woman, Part 2 is a gem that will deservedly score high with couples—and with anyone who appreciates a well-made adult film.

-D. O.

Beverly Hills Cox

Half Erect. Produced by The BHC Group; written by William Haze; directed by Paul G. Vatelli; starring Ginger Lynn, Bridgette Monet, Sharon Mitchell, Jamie Gillis, Jerry Butler, Randy West, Tess Ferre, Francois Papillon, Sheri St. Clair, Shone Taylor, Tantala and Lisa DeLeeuw. Running time: 85 minutes.

This preposterous movie stars the delectable Ginger Lynn as Suzy Cox, a Des Moines, Iowa, detective who goes to Beverly Hills in search of the Boner Bandit. It won't be giving anything away to say that the bandit turns out to be Jamie Gillis, that Lynn tracks him down and that she



Mechanic Jerry Butler supercharges Ginger Lynn's motor in 'Beverly Hills Cox.

marries him. The story is so lame, you can practically figure it out from the credits.

Harder to figure out is what rival private dicks Sharon Mitchell and Bridgette Monet are up to, what connection Lisa De-Leeuw has to the proceedings and whether Lynn's performance is the result of intentional underplaying or limited ability. Okay, okay, good acting isn't a top priority in porn, but good sex is. Although it would probably be impossible for Ginger to turn in a bad fuck, the emphasis on softfocus, idealized sex is the opposite of the high-voltage sizzlefucks she's famous for. Only one scene-an excellently photographed, well-paced in-and-out with Jerry Butler-comes close to

The Red Garter

Half Erect. Produced by Jack Daniels; written by Hyapatia Lee; directed by Anthony Spinelli; starring Hyapatia Lee, Colleen Brennan, Herschel Savage, Alex Greco, Tish Ambrose, Randy West, Nina Hartley, Kari Foxx, Mauvais DeNoire, Bonnie Belle, Richard Pacheco and Ray Hardin. Running time: 82 minutes.

Hyapatia Lee has drawn on her wealth of firsthand experience working the club circuit to bring us this insightful look at a night in the lives of girls who dance, strip and hustle drinks for a living. Though the dialogue is sometimes stilted, and the environ-



'Red Garter': Alex Greco comes like gangbusters for Randy West's talented tongue.

capturing the exuberant sexuality that is her signature. Her lesbian scene with Monet is a yawn, and her coupling with Gillis at film's end is dreamy enough to induce snoring. Except for the Lynn/Butler episode, the main source of heat in *Beverly Hills Cox* is provided by Sharon Mitchell in an energetic encounter with a jogger (Randy West) and a terrific blowjob she bestows on Shone Taylor in a bubblebath.

The film's opening sequence, with Lynn prowling the halls of an anything-goes sex club—would such a place exist in Des Moines?—to snap a photo of her client's husband butt-fucking Sheri St. Clair, is interesting visually, dramatically and sexually, and shows great promise. What follows, however, though sleek-looking and occasionally amusing, is toothless. That is great for blow-jobs, but a first-rate film needs more than gums.—D. O.

ment is glamorized-perhaps beyond recognition—the situations and characters ring true: the slimy vice cop who hangs around putting the make on the girls, hoping for some nookie and a bust; Mary (Kari Foxx), who has a crush on the bouncer (Herschel Savage) and is so trusting, she doesn't bother to count her earnings; a divorced mother-of-three trying to make ends meet; and Susan (Alex Greco), the club fuckup, who always seems to be having "one of those days."

Lee, as the owner of The Red Garter nightclub, delivers the finest acting performance of her career—as you might expect from an Anthony Spinelli-directed film. As you also might expect, given the setting, there's a whole lotta strippin' goin' on. Red Garter is a voyeur's dream. Though all the girls do a good job teasing the camera, the hand-on-the-crotch award goes to Lee, whose

after-hours private performance for Richard Pacheco is dazzling. Lee's sensational strip-anddance routine climaxes with her on her back, legs spread wide, peering seductively over her perfect pussy. It's enough to turn anyone into a drooling, libidinous beast. Too bad the sex scene that follows is so tame.

The real heat comes at the beginning of the picture in a tongue-to-twat between Lee and Colleen Brennan. Brennan goes wild, probing Lee's cunt with a vibrator while licking her clit and asshole. Another scorcher is Greco and Randy West's fantastic oral encounter. After some great sex-talk, Greco comes like gangbusters as West eats her out. Then, with Greco urging, "Now you . . . now you . . . ," she sucks his bone dry. It's a tribute to Greco's remarkable sexuality that West never loses his hard-on.

For all its pluses, however, The Red Garter is something of a disappointment. Much of the sex is routine and too brief, and the strip numbers-except for Lee'sreveal only bouncing boobs and buns, and tend to be overly long. Nevertheless, any film with Hyapatia Lee is worth a peek-and this one has Alex Greco too!

-D. O.

The Oddest Couple

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by David Stone; written by Esad Quarmais, Augustine Starr Romanoff and Henri Pachard; directed by Henri Pachard; starring Danielle, Siobhan Hunter,

Paul Thomas, Joey Silvera, Paula Meadows, Robert Bullock, David Morris, Tasha Voux, Kim Wilde and David Christopher. Running time:

This sparkling, unpretentious fuck-feast was shot at the same time as Lilith Unleashed and was intended as a sort of filmic flipside to Lilith. As often happens, however, the B side is better than the A side. Never mind that The Oddest Couple is totally predict-

slam-fucks the annoying bitch on the kitchen table, then kicks her out of the house so he can watch the game in peace. Forever.

After some humorous encounters in her search for a room to rent, she answers an ad placed by Hunter, a very prim-and-proper, long-legged, gawky, spinster-inthe-making type. Naturally, the two become roommates. At the housewarming, Danielle's lowlife friends end up in an orgy while



Spunky newcomer Kim Wilde gets caught in the middle in 'The Oddest Couple.'

able and looks as if it were shot in a day or two. (Not because production values are slipshod; they're not. It's just that most of the action takes place in the same location.) This is a wonderfully funny, sexy movie.

Starring the nutty Siobhan Hunter and the slutty Danielle, the film is about a trashy housewife (Danielle) who interrupts hubby's (David Christopher) football viewing with pleas for sex once too often. Christopher

Hunter, hanging onto her virginity, gamely serves hors d'oeuvres. In an attempt to get her to loosen up, Danielle convinces Hunter to pose for sleazeball amateur photographer/swinger Paul Thomas. After talking Hunter out of her clothes, Thomas starts barking orders at her ("Stick your finger in your ass! Throw your head back! Smile!") while snapping away with an empty camera. Hunter's comedic gifts make this scene one of the funniest in recent memory, and the fourway that results from the fake photosession is as hot as its lead-in is

Getting the hang of sex, Hunter invites two studs (Robert Bullock and David Morris) from the housewarming over and takes them both on. After fucking and sucking them both-and can she suck!-the randy wench, game for anything, takes Morris's prick up her ass. In the final scene, Hunter and Danielle share a sensuous femme-fuck accompanied by the mood-enhancing sounds of rain and thunder.

Ranging from raucous comedy to romantic sexuality, the excellently directed Oddest Couple is one of the most satisfying adult films to surface in months. Don't -D. O.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER'S EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE. The films below may be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.



Fully Erect

She's So Fine Snake Eyes Taboo IV Trashy Lady Wild Things

Three-Quarters Erect

Desperate Women **Fashion Fantasies** Girls of the Night Irresistible II Looking for Mr. Goodsex Love Bites Missing Pieces Passion Pit Rated Sex Sex Crimes 2084 The Love Scene The Voyeur



Half Erect

A Coming of Angels-The Sequel A Passage Thru Pamela **Bisexual Fantasies Blonde Heat** Candy Stripers II Dear Fanny Flesh and Ecstasy Gettin' Ready Naked Scents Pleasure Maze Sex Wars Sexually Altered States Showgirls Street Heat Taboo American Style, Part IV Taxi Girls, Part II The Ribald Tales of Canterbury



One-Quarter Erect

Blondie Heart Throbs If My Mother Only Knew Lilith Unleashed Sounds of Sex Suzie Superstar II The Good Time Girls



7 Totally Limp

For Services Rendered Sex Drive

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

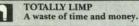
RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

HALF ERECT So-so. Limited appeal.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much.





Siobhan Hunter provides the flash in 'Oddest Couple's' fake photo-session.

PORNPOURRI

Edited by Doug Oliver

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 15,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, HUSTLER provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

Sex Life of a Porn Star

(Electric Hollywood) Taija Rae, whose pouting lower lip finds its purpose in life sliding along the underside of a cock, plays a schoolteacher who opts for a shot at skin-flick superstardom



in this unpretentious, revealing and surprisingly accurate peek behind the porn industry. The superb cast, script and direction of Sex Life deliver emotional nuances well beyond most X-raters. Jerry Butler and Nina Hartleyportraying a sleazeball agent and a beat-up, coked-down porn slut-are particularly touching. Their sexual encounter, fueled by a desperate bond rooted in their characters, is riveting. Shanna McCullough being dicked and eaten to Eden by Jon Martin is one of the most wholesome, enjoyable fucks on videotape. McCullough's corn-fed depravity is always refreshing. In another notable scene Rae lands her first job in a porn film and is thrust in the middle of Billy Dee's wild-beast banging of squealing and squawking Mai Lin to lick slit-eye pie and get power-fucked by Dee. This amusing, penetrating tape has an abundance of sexual high points-all of which are reprised during and after the

closing credits. Sex Life of a Porn Star is an excellent fuckvid. Everyone involved should be proud of a job well done.

-Matt Weiss

Cheerleader Academy

(Cinematrex) After a pretty stupid opening in which drill sergeant/ pep-squad leader Erica Boyer lines up her recruits for a heap of Gomer Pyle-style abuse, dumb cheerleader routines and many bad jokes, Cheerleader Academy recovers with engaging sex. Particularly gripping is Boyer spanking her own naked ass as she grinds clits and assaults Jennifer Noxt's hot box with booby-slams. There's some well-shot dick-licking and cuntlapping before Tony Montana wails on new, neat, petite Blondie Bee and shoots bolts of jizz across her fresh face. In two separate scenes Peter North drips honey on the tits and buns of sugary Candie Evans, then on sweet Bunny Bleu, licking the sticky goo off as a prelude to shooting his sticky goo off. There are more fucks, including a clincher with Tom Byron, Noxt and Boyer, but though none are merely filler, they are all somewhat standard. Fortunately, like those of the Cheerleader Academy,





Tracey Adams and John Leslie's sensuous screw makes 'Cherry Tricks' a treat.

these standards are high and quite stiff.

-M. W.

Cherry Tricks

(Visual Persuasion) Clumsy camerawork and dorky direction



conspire to prevent this feature from achieving greatness, but Cherry Tricks manages-thanks to its cast-to send some blood to your pud. The plot of this farce focuses on the "Cherry Tricks" bunny (Tracey Adams), the lusty spokeswoman for the bawdy breakfast food of the title. The story is one of frustrated floozies, aspiring actresses and the horny honchos of showbiz. Sheri St. Clair fans, take note: The hale and hearty Sheri has never looked better. She's slimmed down and really goes to town in her semen-splattered scene with John Leslie. In a battle of the busty babes Taija Rae and Lois Ayres pair up for an erotic eatoff. If you like your loose ladies built, this sequence will definitely cream your cords—but save some strength because Ron Jeremy and Nick Random join the fun. While Random is romping on the couch with Rae, Ron Jeremy skillfully tit-fucks Ayres's stellar set and spurts jets of jizz into her waiting mouth. The remaining scenes don't possess the same level of intensity, but the two or three hot episodes in *Cherry Tricks* will undoubtedly please a lot of pricks.

—Bill Butler

Kiss of the Married Woman

(Ventura Video) Four bored and ignored housewives swap frustrated fuck-talk in this second-rate screw-tape. Taking turns, each one sets up a fantasy of past-porking that we then see acted out. (The term is used loosely;



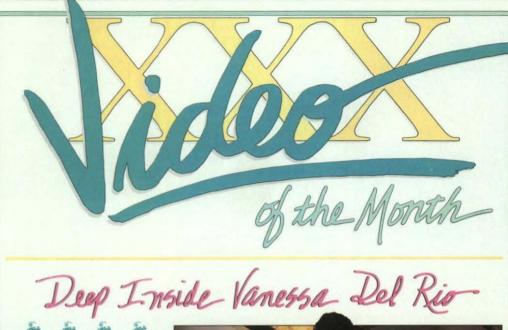
the acting is strictly entry level here.) The six sex scenes that follow are routine and unexceptional. Trinity Loren gets eaten, screwed and tit-fucked by Tony Martino, the Donny Osmond of orgasm. Tamara Longley fucks, sucks and jerks the spunk out of out-of-it Steve Powers and, in the required lesbo scene, Loren and Vicky Principal trade licks, but the thrill factor is nil. It took some effort, but Kiss of the Married Woman makes sex seem boring, and that's the kiss of death. It's a great title, but that's about it. Kiss this one goodbye. -B. B.

Jacqueline

(Masterpiece Video) Jacqueline is a somewhat frustrating fuck-tape. At times it's good, even great, but the overall quality is compromised by sluggish pacing and small servings of sex. A semiclever twist ending, good production quality and attractive girls are this tape's pluses. One sex scene is truly hot-a bonafide bush-burner. In it, Nikki Charm and Buck Adams go at each other like ravenous beasts. Charm gobbles Buck's bone furiously, and he returns the favor by nibbling Nikki's nookie and then hoisting her into a torrid vertical 69, locking his face into her snatch. These two really ignite each other, and that unbridled enjoyment translates into pure pud-pulling pleasure for the viewer. Porn stud Shone Taylor gets us off to a good start with his own tumble with Nikki, but between this beginning and the Charm/Adams finale come only two other sex scenes-and, sadly, any erotic energy they might develop is dissipated by the drowsy pace. If this tape had more action and that action was half as hot as the Buck 'n' Nikki Show, Jacqueline would be a classic. As it stands, it's a semisnooze with some magnificent -B. B. moments.

Tons of Buns

(4 Play) Anyone who says one skinny man can't move a mountain has yet to see Tons of Buns. Layla LaShelle is a human Grand Teton of flab-enough raw material for three good women. La-Shelle's legs rub together when she's spread-eagled, her tits are great sagging pillows of lard with pancake-size areolas, and her



Directed by Gregory Dark. Starring Vanessa Del Rio, Lois Ayres, Erica Boyer, Kari Foxx, Krista Lane, Liz Randall, Tom Byron, Marc Wallice, Peter North, Steve Powers, Troy Tannier and Francois Papillon.

Videocassette by VCA Pictures.

You may not have known these things about Vanessa Del Rio: She was born in a small town in Russia, and her father had an operation in Switzerland to change him from a Negro to a Mexican. After her bold, nude escape from Russia, Vanessa wound up in Paris, selling dildos door-todoor before going to South America to win riches and fame as Paraguay's premier screen actress. She next struck out for Alaska to learn macrame, then settled in Salt Lake City, Utah, as the wife of the world's greatest pop music star.



On guard for piece: Vanessa's stunning clit courts record-book immortality.

sa didn't know this stuff either. works so well for porn, it's a wonwhen she signed with the Dark often. The exemplary Dark video feature. This campy take- rection, script, photography, edoff on the "Inside So-and-So" films is done in a hilarious,



Del Rio gulps five bones in a row-a fitting finale to her life story.

Well, you're not alone. Vanes- pseudo-documentary style that But she found out quick enough der it hasn't been used more Brothers for her first shot-on- Brothers' high standards in diiting, acting, music, settings and raunch are adhered to, and Vanessa-who's been absent from the blue screen for too many months-heaves her mammoth clit before the lens to prove again why she's one of the biggest names in smut. All the sex scenes are primo, but the finalewhen Vanessa gets gang-banged by five studs-shows her at her finest. There are cocks everywhere-in her pussy, between her tits, in her mouth and hands. She just can't get enough. And when the cum starts flying, the lusty Latina dives on the white wads, gobbling them up as if there weren't more where that came from. Deep Inside Vanessa Del Rio is a journey that's well worth



mouth is always ready to switch to intake mode-especially when a cock is in proximity. This fullbodied, untrimmed side of white meat gets fucked by three dudes in 30 minutes. She pigs out on pokers, gets porked sow-style, lies back to take it regulation (setting the skinny fellows adrift as they bob around on a sea of cellulite) and receives loads of jizz on her chinny-chin-chins. Through it all Layla's bulk undergoes a series of rapid geological shifts-the fatty equivalent of earthquakes, mud slides and avalanches. Tons of Buns has lively pacing and camerawork. This is as good as it gets if you go for this kind of stuff. If not, it'd be great to show that special girl you love who needs a little diet inspiration.

Caught From Behind IV

(Hollywood Video) Hold on to your bones! When you catch Caught, it's going to be a long and butt-bumping night-two full hours, and nearly every minute is



pud-pleasingly pleasure-packed. Here at long last is a wall-to-wall sextravaganza, a semen-sotted, sphincters-splitting spectacular that is virtually without flaw. Producer/director Hal Freeman has given that most-rare item, a funny and fast-paced script (written by Mark Weiss), to his cast of nasty girls and their rectumreaming Romeos, who proceed to put on a sex show that will have you rock-hard from beginning to outrageous end. There simply isn't a bad performance in sightthough several images sear into raunch-lovers' retinas: Steve Powers butt-boffs bountiful Buffy Davis in the tape's sizzling opening fuck, but in the following scene Patti Petite and Peter North's fevered ass-fucking is hotter still. Petite radiates an-



time, well...sorry, you lose. It's really too bad, because the tape boasts a cast of pretty girls who have set many blue screens ablaze



'Dark Side': Purple Passion and Buffy lick and bump pussies in this nasty sleazevid.

anything-goes sexual hunger that is both mind- and bone-boggling. By the time Dick Rambone pounds his magnum meat into Kelli Richards's begging booty in the final scene, you'll be-like everyone in the cast-satisfied. Cornhole connoisseurs as well as less-specialized video viewers will find a lot to like in this tape. Buffy's cock-gobbling skills alone are worth the price of admission. Beautiful girls, incendiary performances, superior production values and a raunchy, eye-popping erotic enthusiasm make Caught From Behind IV necessary viewing.

Lottery Fever

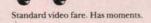
(Adult Video Corporation) The sexvid world is a lot like a lottery: You pay your money and pray for a winner. If you picked Lottery Fever as a ticket to the sexual big in other outings. The story is a throwaway that brings the characters together for standard sexual encounters, none of which is truly bone-building. In the opener Ali Moore and Herschel Savage do the deed. She's certainly a looker, but looks alone won't carry a fuck scene. In a tepid lesbo twoway Moore munches Melissa Melendez's muff and

SEX VIDEO RATING GUIDE



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Little to recommend. Desperation time.

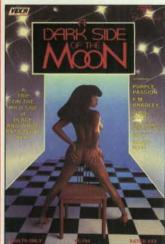
vice versa, and in the tape's final scene Moore, Tracey Adams and Randy West get into various positions that would—given better direction—heat up any other fuck feature. In any game of chance there will be winners and losers.

Lottery Fever is definitely one of the latter. Miss it.

—B. B.

A Dark Side of the Moon

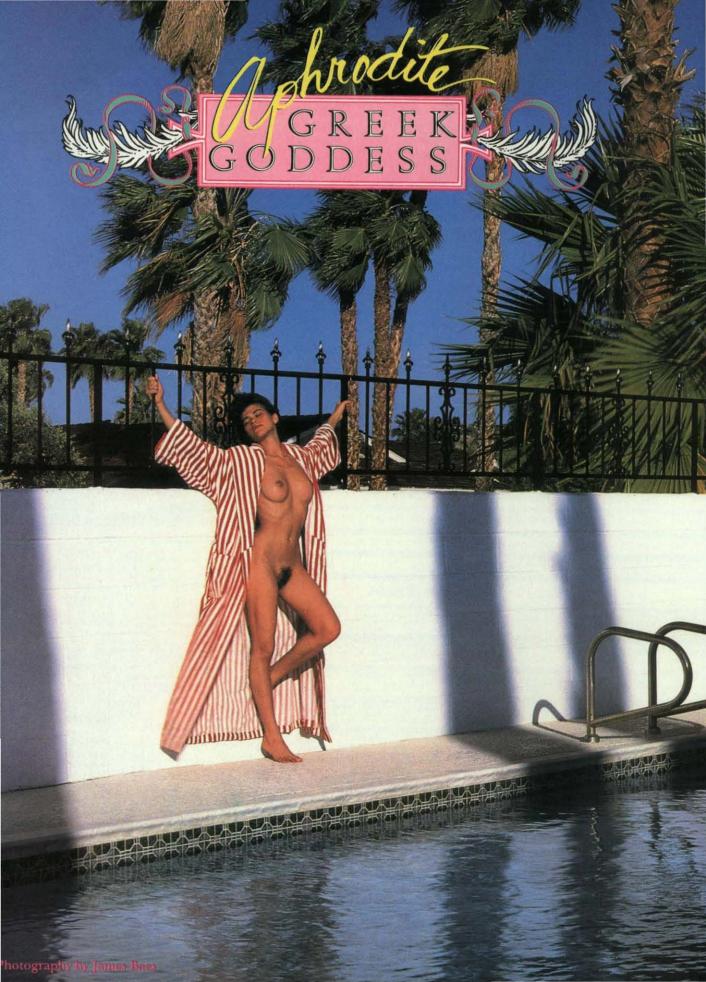
(Vidco) This tape might be too much for some people-Kristara Barrington, for one, couldn't take it. She exits prior to the first hump and never returns! Though her name is prominently featured in the advertising, Barrington has no sex scenes and is only in the first three minutes of Dark Side. If, however, you can get along without Kristara and enjoy integrated butt-fucks and top-rear views of girls who'll suck a dick after it's stirred their shit, this Moon's for you. Buffy Davis delivers one of the sleaziest fucks in recorded history with an unidentified scum-stud who spews enough jizz on her face to drown her. Fake-blond cum-dump Lorie Lovitt services Field Marshal Bradley's big, bad, half-hard bone while squirting tit-milk into



Buffy's face. In a later scene Lovitt repeats this performance by lactating steady streams of jugjuice onto Tony Montana's chest. Purple Passion, a glib talker whose mouth is even more agile with a dick in it, is an ebony standout who takes a pair of sloppy white loads in her hairy, black butt-crack. Moon's characters and situations may be improbable, cheesy and dumb, but it certainly delivers that Dark Side action.

—M. W.

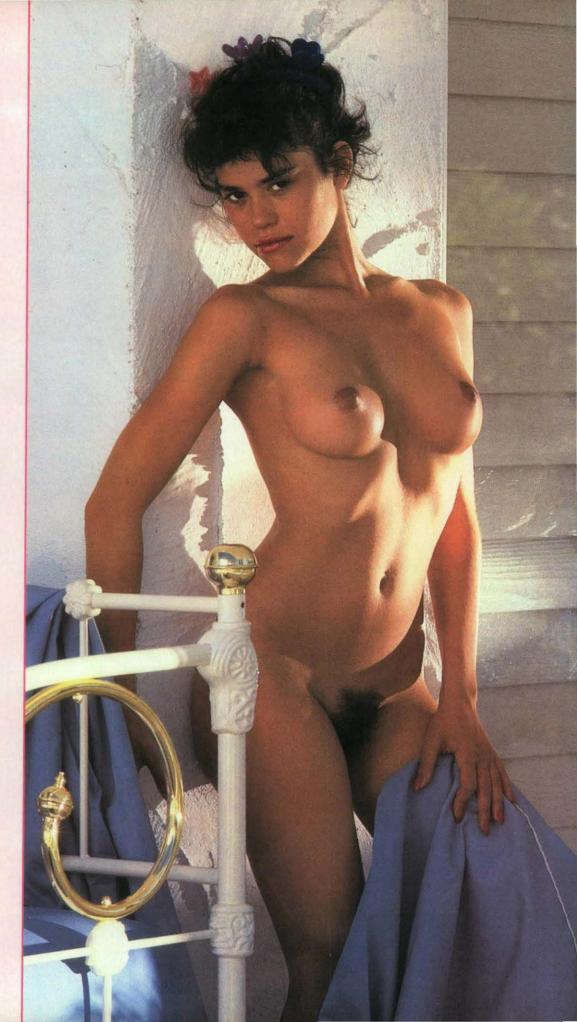




y folks must have had a pretty good idea of how I would turn out when they named me for the goddess of love," giggles the sensuous Aphrodite. Though she's from Greece, the stunning beauty now hangs out in the equally inviting Palm Springs, California, where she's up with the sun every day. "I feel my best early in the morning," she declares, and she sure doesn't look bad at that hour either.

Does she have any trouble living up to the erotic reputation of her legendary namesake? "Not a bit," she replies with a wink. "In fact, some guys say old Venus can eat my dust. They get to eat the rest!"











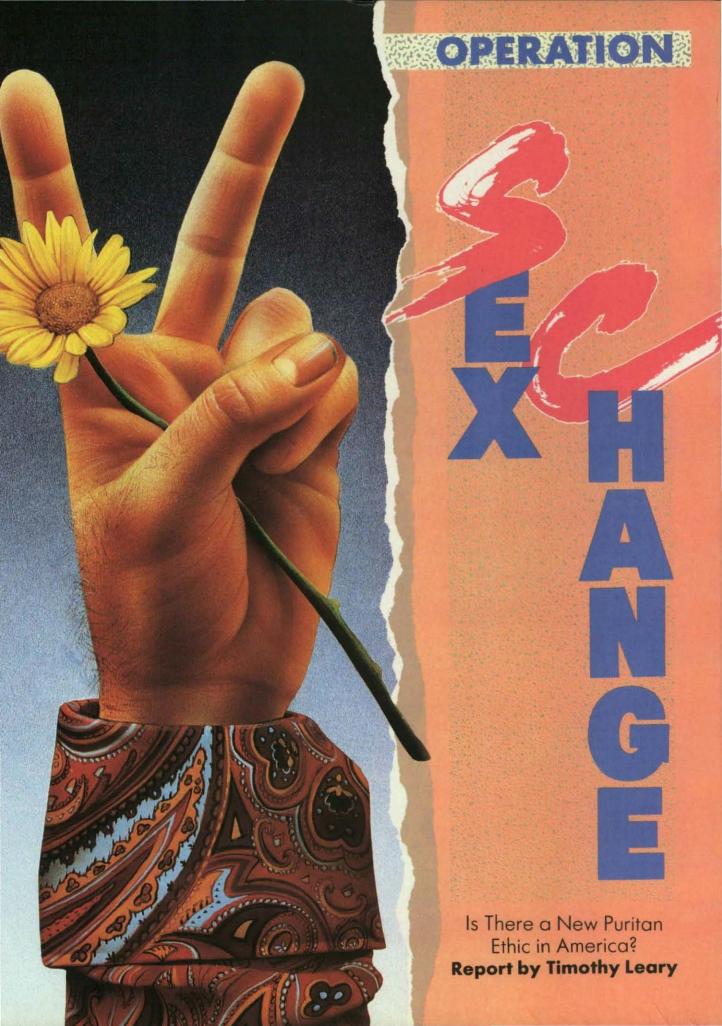












o you want to be the center of attention at your next party—without disrobing or throwing up on the hostess? Here's a surefire tip. Turn to the person sitting next to you and ask, "Do you think American sexual morals have undergone a change during the past five years?"

What happened to the good-old-fashioned suburban orgy? My ultrajaded friend Larry Flood, a TV-station manager and onetime Olympic Erotic Athlete, groaned in sorrow when I popped him the "sex-change" question.

"What happened to sexual freedom and the open marriage?" he complained. "I remember this party in Atlanta around 1972. There were like 100 (!) men and women, y'know, all nude. Drinking! Talking! Smoking funny cigarettes!

"And y'know what? They were all there to fuck as many new and different people as the flesh could stand! Hey, I'm speaking about middle-class folks! Lawyers. Dentists. Accountants. And their ever-loving wives! Occasionally a couple or a trio headed for the heated pool or the hot tub or the rumpus room. In every bedroom you got two, three, four couples making it on big, round beds. Hey, they were swapping partners like orgasms had just come on the market. Jeez, you sure don't hear of those goings-on today!"

Larry had his own theory to explain the new celibacy.

"Jealousy. Yup! Plain, old-fashioned male jealousy has stopped all the swapping. Okay, imagine Max the dentist. He's happy as a clam fucking that cute little Georgia peach who's married to the guy down the street. Then he looks over and there's his own wife merrily boffing some total stranger, a TV weather reporter from Birmingham, Alabama, with a mustache and a 12-inch erection! What's worse, she's got this ecstatic, dazed look on her face!

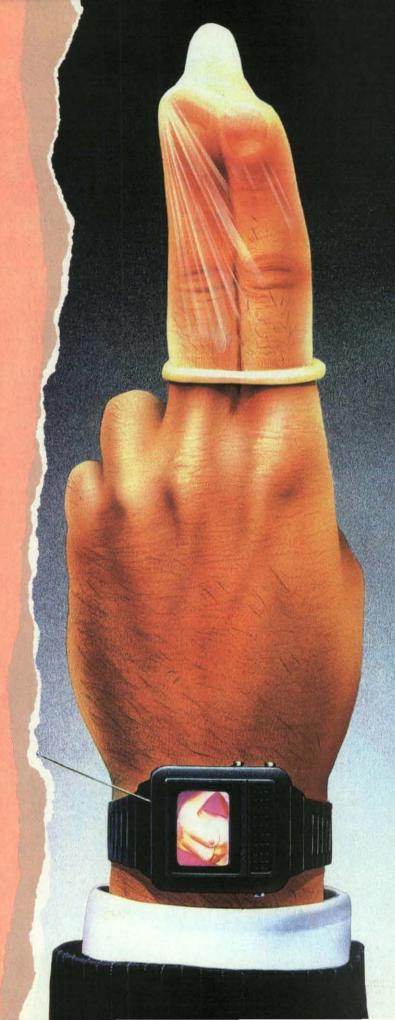
"WellI Dr. Max freaks. You gotta be sexually secure to handle that sort of scene."

A concern for the purity of our precious bodily fluids: Most people cite another obvious reason for the new morality: fear of the new sex-related diseases.

According to Susan Minor, an attractive (one might say voluptuous) psychologist in her 30s, "It started with herpes. Then the AIDS scare put everyone into the diagnostic mode. There's another health-related sex inhibitor: Contraceptives have had very bad press.

"Let's face it," said Susan, "the Pill and IUDs kicked off the sexual liberation of the late '60s. Now, many women have second thoughts about side effects. What can a horny young woman do? Diaphragms are undignified; rubbers are crude."

Susan told a story about Fred, a doctor at her clinic. "He's a real cute guy. Cool, athletic, charming. Now, we've been eyeing each other for a long time, and one night after work Fred invited me to his place for a drink. I was really turned on and thinking some steamy thoughts as we walked into his living room. Well, one thing led to another. Fred moved next to me on the deep, soft couch and caressed my neck. I relaxed and shifted my weight to be more comfortable. Fred put his hand on my knee. I opened my legs just a little. He slid his hand up my smooth thigh slowly, slowly. I was about to go



OPERATION SEX CHANGE (continued from page 35)

These right-wingers want to turn America into a police state like Iran, with women in chastity belts.

crazy, you understand. His hand moved up more, and I opened my legs wider. One false move and I was his!

"At this crucial moment when I could feel my vagina begin to *ooze* moist love, Fred started thinking about his precious bodily fluids. And mine. So he pulled back his hand, cleared his throat and initiated the Clinical Interview. He said, 'I've been tested recently for herpes, AIDS and VD, including chlamydia. I'm clean as a bean. How about you?' "

Susan sighed and shook her head sadly. "Sorta put a chill on the steamy, tropical, romantic climate."

Frightening? Frustrating? Faddish? Friendly? I was sitting in the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel, bored with movie talk. So I popped the sexchange question. It works like a charm.

"It's frightening," said June, a liberal lawyer. "It's part of the Reagan conservatism. These right-wingers want to turn America into a prudish police state like Iran, with all the women in black veils and chastity belts."

"It's frustrating," said Charles, a sturdy, thoughtful, aspiring screenwriter who had just moved to Hollywood. "I'm looking for a girlfriend out here, and I can't score a date. The women seem afraid of human contact. It's a lot easier to meet girls in Chicago."

"Shave your beard, sell a script, buy a Porsche. You'll have no trouble, believe me," purred June.

"This New Puritanism is a fad," said Jon Brentwood, a cynical journalist just in from Tripoli. "Morality fluctuates with the economy. When the stock market goes up, skirts rise. When people are worried about money, they fuck less."

Brentwood unsheathed his war-correspondent leer and aimed it in June's direction. "But I like that stuff about the Ayatollah's dancing girls with the black veils and the belts. Sounds like fun."

"It's all about friendship," said Natalie, a film producer's mistress. "People are definitely less promiscuous these days. Why? Because they want a relationship, not a one-night stand. And you're more likely to stay healthy and swing a movie deal if you make it with a pal."

A passionate attack on male domination: I continued my research at Oasis, the chic, new restaurant in Dallas. Richard Chase, the suave owner, sat me next to Patricia, a beautiful brunette glowing with pregnancy. The sex-change question really set her off!

According to Patricia, "Women are more self-confident and assertive these days. Men just can't deal with it. I hear it all over Texas from intelligent, beautiful, successful women. It's these gun-slinging cowboys who are causing the New Puritanism. Scared by the competition. Can't get it up for a self-confident woman."

A limp defense of male chastity: The guy next to her, a young oil executive named Nick, reacted defensively to this notion. "Men I know are more interested in making money then making a woman."

Patricia sniffed with impatience. "How about a partnership with an equal?"

"No room on my busy schedule for merger propositions. Have your lawyer check my lawyer, and maybe we can set up a conference call," said Nick with a nervous laugh.

Men who make war, not love-are they the problem? "For thousands of years power has been monopolized by men who hate women. These sexists can't stand the idea that women are smarter, nicer, more loving, more beautiful than men. So they form these men's-club religions that put women down. Judaism. Christianity. Islam. They all treat women as slaves, property, serfs. Women can't play any active role in the ceremonies or the politics. Male monotheism! You know what that means? One God. And guess what! He's a man! A totalitarian, allpowerful, bad-tempered male. All the Bibles, Korans and Talmuds agree that Big Numero Uno is of the male gender," Patricia stated.

There was no stopping Patricia. She was on a roll. "Notice that in all these Fundamentalist sects the mullahs and the rabbis and the priests actually keep the women out of sight, behind veils, barefoot in the kitchen, in the balcony of the synagogue, or in the nunnery."

At this point Nick got up and tottered away from the table. Patricia didn't miss a beat. "These religious men are so threatened by women that they grab swords, flags, crosses, guns, power, uniforms—anything that will make them feel adequate. They make war because they're afraid to make love."

What about the liberations of the '60s?" But what about the '60s?" I inquired of Patricia. "Wasn't that a time of change?"

"You'd better believe it, Doc," said Patricia. "There was that one amazing 14-year period between 1966 and 1980 when the 4,000-year spell of male domination was briefly overthrown. The key to this '60s cultural revolution was wom-





OPERATION SEX CHANGE (continued from page 36)

Women suddenly understood that they were free to fuck whomsoever they wanted and howsoever they wanted.

en's liberation! The hippies represented a feminization, a sensitization of consciousness, a gentle, erotic mellowing."

Here, in 1986, in Rambo-Reagan America, it's hard to remember that back in 1972, Vietnam War soldiers were ashamed to wear their uniforms in public. The Texas Rangers freaked out because their swaggering authority was being ignored. The draft and drug laws were publicly defied. Male politicians and moralists went crazy warning about Western civilization collapsing before this wave of paganism and hedonism and wild, braless feminism. A feisty woman, Martha Mitchell, first blew the whistle on Nixon's Watergate.

"I don't know what it was like up north, honey, but down here in Texas 'round 1969, women suddenly understood that they were free to fuck whomsoever they wanted and howsoever they wanted. It was the women who learned about slow, serpentine, fuck-me-Buddha sexuality.

"Yup, it was the cowgirls who demanded some variation on the missionary position, and gently pulled the heads of their astonished boyfriends down to the prom-

ised land and taught white lads how to make girls feel good," Patricia went on.

But what happened to the sexual liberation of the '60s? Patricia looked at me, shook her head and sighed. "Don't you get the point? It wasn't 'sexual liberation'; it was freedom for the two groups that were repressed by the male morality. First it was the women who took off their aprons and came out of the kitchens; then it was the gays who came out of the closets, insisting that sex be beautiful and elegant and long and slow and graceful and funny. Mr. Redneck Macho from Fort Worth had to change his heavybreathing, barroom, slam-bam, steer-bull ways and learn how to boogie and ball and fool around and be sweet and tender with his big, red chapstick.

"What's changed from the '60s is this: Smart, self-confident women learned to be selective and more demanding. Today, women talk about the men they know and compare them for size and fit and performance and wit and charm. And wow! Does that threaten SMU (Southern Methodist University) business-administration majors? No wonder poor Nick tottered off

to the, excuse the expression, men's room a few minutes ago," Patricia laughed.

Scientific poll reveals difference between men and women! My head spinning from Patricia's unorthodox theories, I phoned Mike Heimowitz, HUSTLER Research Director, to request some hard data. A diligent scan of the scientific literature revealed that, in 1984, Newsweek polled students at 98 campuses to find out if morals were changing. The major results: "Students are against casual sex, for fidelity in marriage and split on the question of living together."

According to Newsweek, "The real legacy of the sexual revolution—and perhaps the women's movement as well—may lie in how men and women think about each other. Six out of ten say there are significant differences in the ways men and

women think."

Confirming Patricia's cocky views, 24% of the female respondents believed that females are more intelligent than males! And only 6% thought that men were smarter!

What? Macho men losing out to the gays? Patricia and other sophisticated women I interviewed kept making the point that during today's confusion over shifting sex-roles they feel more comfortable with gays.

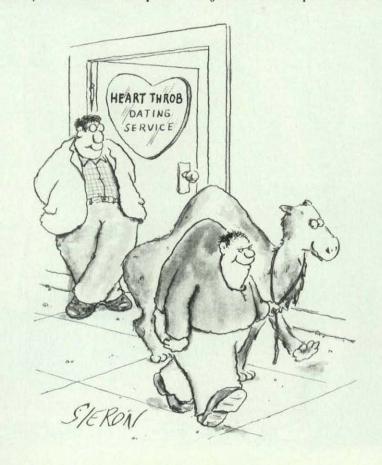
Julia Andrews, a successful geologist from Boulder, Colorado, came up with a word that I was to hear more and more as I researched the sex-change issue.

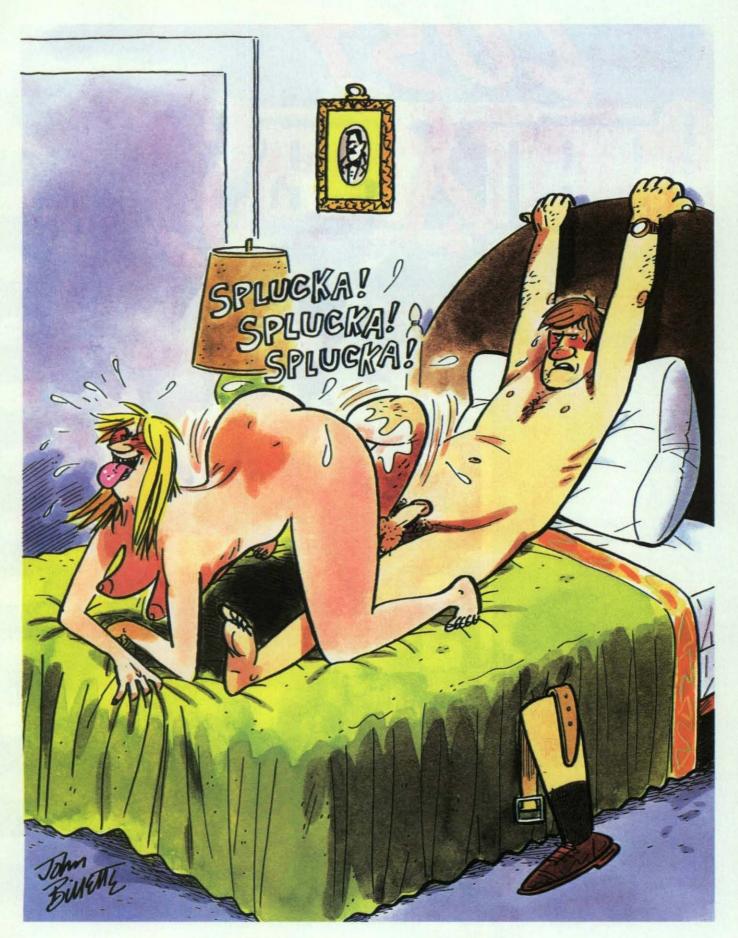
The word is *friendship*. Many women complain that it's almost impossible to maintain a friendship with a straight guy you don't want to fuck. Back in the 1950s, men hung out with, and enjoyed the company of, other men. Women busied themselves with cooking, washing, aesthetics, fashion, families and the softer human interests.

According to Julia, "All this has changed. Many intelligent, educated, alert women these days are equally interested in careers, political issues, IRAs, adult-education courses and prime rates. Of course, they're still into fashion and elegance and high culture. So they're looking for wide-gauge men who can share their full-spectrum interests. And a lot of men just won't get hip.

"That's where the gays come in. As a group, homosexual men make more money, are better educated and more sophisticated than straights. They are more open to friendships with women. They're more sensitive, and to many of us sensitive means smarter, whether that's true or not. There's this professor, Bruce, in my department. He's gay. I have great times with him. We can discuss our research projects, gossip about office politics. He knows more than I do about

(continued on page 100)





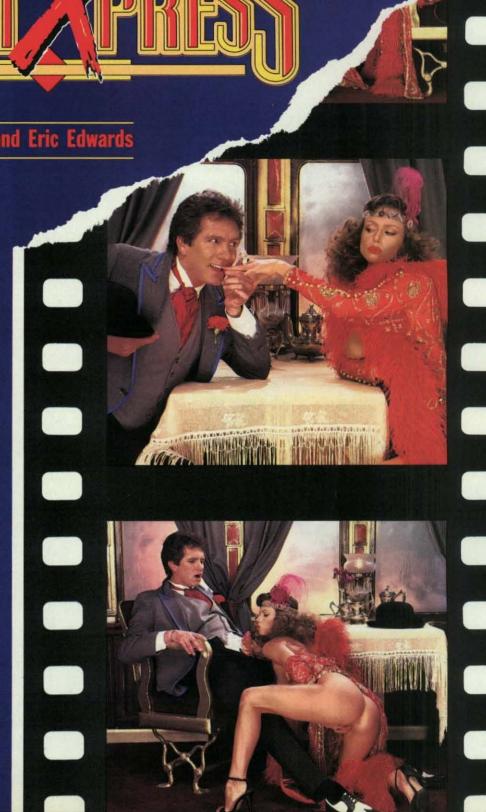
"Sometimes I think you married me just for my stump!"

Starring Tracey Adams and Eric Edwards

Photography by Suze Randall

Unboard the exotic Orient Express, these two world-weary sophisticates soon find they're definitely on the right track. As the wheels roll and the juices flow, this horny duo quickly get past basic training and into some heavy-duty funneling.

Based on Lust on the Orient X-Press, the upcoming release from Caballero Home Video, photographer Suze Randall shot this redhot session exclusively for HUSTLER. Keep your eyes open for the sizzling cassette. It's a kick in the caboose that's sure to keep your engines stoked.

















JOHN HOBSON TOP CHAIN

COUNTERTERRORISM'S TOP GUN

PROFILE BY BRAD STEIGER

elevision's A-Team, confident against overwhelming odds, rescues the threatened businessman and his beautiful daughter. Half a dozen vehicles crash, and there is enough small-arms fire to sustain most Latin American revolutions, but no one–good, bad or ugly–suffers any wound more painful than a bruised knuckle or a fractured ego. Sylvester Stallone, portraying a sullenly lethal Vietnam vet, reaches a hiltop while being hotly pursued by dozens of trained soldiers, each firing an automatic weapon and doing his utmost to blow Sly to Yankee Hell. Although Stallone has dispatched a regiment of Commies, none of their thousands of rounds come close to him.

Chuck Norris chops, socks and kicks his way through fanatics intent on invading the USA. Terrorists he can't reach with his lightning fists and feet he blows away with machine-gun bursts.

Motion-picture and television audiences respond to such choreographed mayhem with seemingly boundless enthusiasm and box-office megabucks. Whether the appeal of such cinematic violence is due to macho fantasies or repressed feelings of helplessness in a nuclear age, it may come as a surprise to armchair adventurers that, in real life, individuals really do perform daring overseas rescues of citizens in distress and go mano-amano with terrorists invading domestic turf.

"However, there are a number of distinct differences between my missions and the way the media might portray them," comments John Hobson, owner and president of a Phoenix-based firm of handpicked and specially trained security personnel. "For example, my men sometimes get shot, blown up and beaten up. Hell, sometimes I get shot and beaten up! And while I really admire Chuck Norris's prowess at the martial arts, there is no karate chop as effective as a 2" × 4" in the face."

The walls of Hobson's stylish of fice are bedecked with photographs of immediately recognizable celebrities who have enlisted his services as a bodyguard. Suzanne Somers, Mitzi Gaynor, Kenny Rogers, Dolly Parton, Tom Jones, Connie Francis, Phyl-

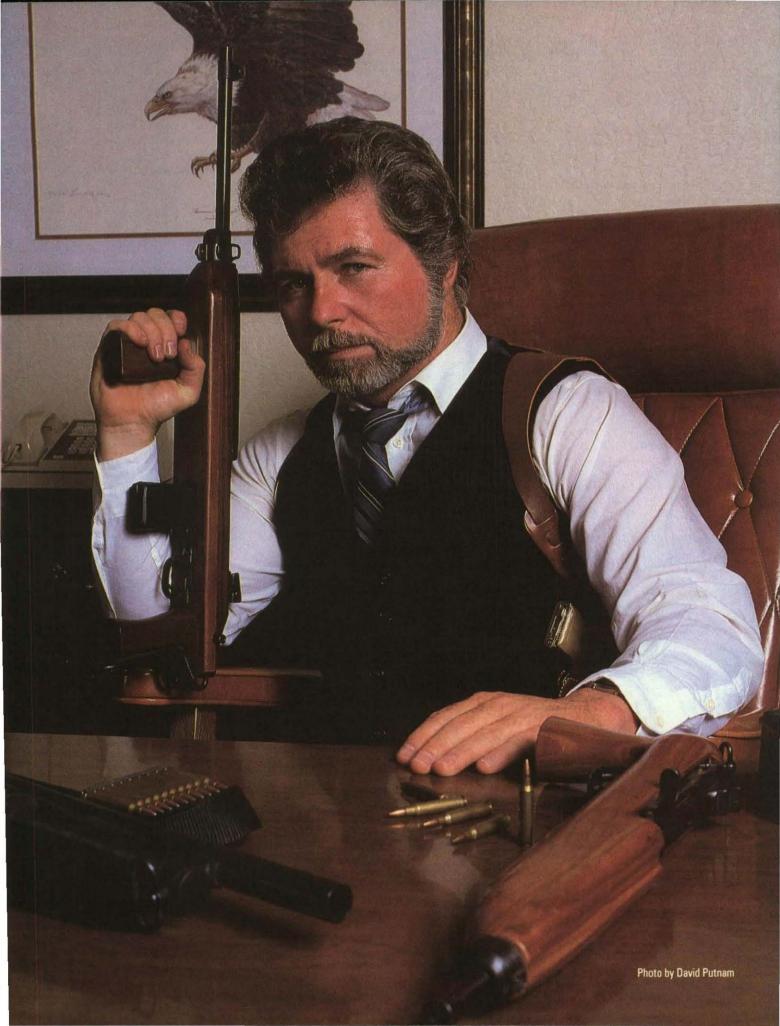
lis Diller and Robert Goulet are only a few of the stars who have gotten by with a little help from their friends at Hobson's Security Specialists International Inc.

Framed wildlife scenes decorate Hobson's private office. Examination of the artist's signature reveals that the tough, compact man behind the massive desk is also the craftsman responsible for many of the pieces. To one side of his desk is an old barber's chair, and the floor is stacked with newspaper and magazine clippings of some of his more recent adventures. A side wall is decorated with awards from various police agencies. "Not bad for a former street-gang kid from Canton, Ohio, eh?" Hobson asks rhetorically. He adds that a few years after high school most of his friends were dead or behind bars. His moment of truth came when he chose law enforcement over a life of crime.

Moving to Phoenix, Hobson became a good cop. "The hoods and punks couldn't put anything over on me," he chuckles. "I was way ahead of them." Now, with several years of security work in the private sector behind him, Hobson is most concerned about the growing threat of terrorism. "Like the statistics or not," he rumbles, "they tell a clear story: One in five kidnappings by terrorists in the past ten years has involved an American. More than 43% of all terrorist activities are directed against U.S. personnel and installations."

With the CIA predicting an increase of terrorism on our own soil in the next few years, Hobson becomes exceedingly vocal about what he terms "the threat from within." As a result of intelligence gathering and undercover investigations at several nuclear plants throughout the United States, Hobson discovered that 60% to 80% of the licensed health/physics nuclear-site personnel dealing with radioactive contaminants are from such Middle Eastern nations as Libya, Lebanon and Iran.

"That means that each of our nuclear plants has a high percentage of personnel who are susceptible to threats, intimidation and coercion from extremists and terrorists in their native countries," Hobson explains. "And when you check the high



COUNTERTERRORISM (continued from page 48)

"Terrorists always have the first move," Hobson goes on. "That's the dirty way they play the game."

number of Middle Eastern students on our campuses, it becomes apparent that U.S. colleges are graduating potential terrorists.

"Colonel [Muammar] Kaddafi talks tough about sending the terrorist threat to our nation. Well, we've got to be just as tough about preparing ourselves for such an invasion. And we sure as hell have to stop apologizing to the world for defending ourselves against the attacks of madmen.

"Terrorists always have the first move," Hobson goes on. "That's the dirty way they play the game. They strike with an assassination or a kidnapping; then security agents have to respond. In my opinion it is time that we began to practice preventative measures. Our nation must become more security conscious."

A few years ago Hobson was summoned to the executive offices of a major oil corporation. Top-level personnel informed Hobson that the firm was joint-venturing a nuclear plant in Argentina and that Sam Morrison, the project director, had been kidnapped. A terrorist named Bastedo was demanding \$35 mil-

lion in ransom, and the corporation wanted Hobson to fly to the kidnappers' jungle hideout and negotiate.

"We've already made contact with the terrorists and told them that someone would be down with the money," an executive informed him. "But we must act fast. Last year Bastedo kidnapped our former project director, and when we didn't respond quickly enough, sent our man back to his family in seven packages!"

Hobson returned to Phoenix and gathered a special crew of operatives: sharpshooter Mel Hayes, a tall, slim, likable former Olympic athlete who could shoot the wings off a fly at 300 yards; brawler Nick Corelli, a 6-3, 250-pound hulk whose disgusting mannerisms were surpassed only by his undying loyalty to Hobson; medic Bill McDowell, a small, wiry martial-arts expert; and Special Forces vet Mike Ballard, a muscular black who loved danger.

To such a seasoned roster, Hobson added Charles Palmer, a young Spanish-language instructor from the University of Arizona. Lured by the promise of big money for a few days' work as a transla-

tor, Palmer had no idea what intrigue awaited him.

Within a week, Hobson and crew were in Argentina. A surly second lieutenant met them at the airport and escorted them by jeep to an air-force base, where they were allowed to cool their heels in a barracks before meeting a General Sandoval.

"This nuclear plant is economically important to my country," he said in a forthright manner. "We will work together with you to free your Senor Morrison. We shall extend every cooperation to you in your effort to negotiate with Bastedo."

"I had the uneasy feeling that Sandoval was sizing each of us up as if he were a buyer for a meat market," Hobson recalls. "When the pompous, strutting bastard finally left, I told my men to watch him carefully."

Hobson and his men entered an eightday training period at the Argentinian air base. Sandoval had insisted that they use only Argentinian-made weapons, which were cheap and totally inferior to the equipment they'd bought along. Hobson instructed his men to comply. He wanted to complete the mission as quickly as possible, and he didn't want to make waves with Sandoval. Only sharpshooter Mel Hayes refused to relinquish his customized rifle.

During a briefing session Sandoval informed Hobson that Sam Morrison was being held in a jungle encampment somewhere to the north. Because of the rough terrain, the Americans would have to parachute at night. "Nothing felt right to me about the whole affair," Hobson remembers. "One night I sneaked into the map room, and I discovered a number of topographical representations of the area. Although my Spanish is spotty, I identified Bastedo's name on a rather good-size village not far from the base.

"Now I was really getting worried. A village was no hidden jungle encampment. I started to theorize that either Sandoval was misinterpreting intelligence reports or that I had discovered what appeared to be evidence of collusion between Sandoval and Bastedo.

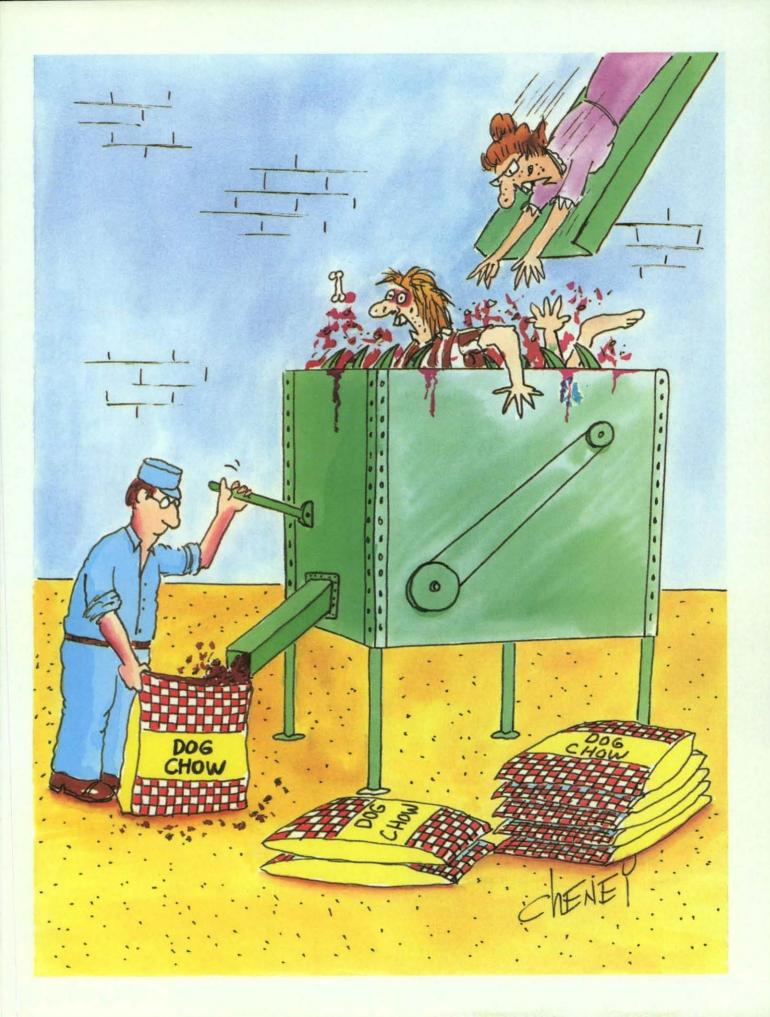
"If collusion existed, then that would mean that Sandoval had allowed the kidnapping of Morrison and that he had permitted Bastedo to function as a terrorist with his full blessing. Sandoval was probably insisting upon the charade of elaborate negotiations with Bastedo in order to snow the U.S. government and the oil company."

Although his instincts told him to cut and run, Hobson decided that he had no choice but to go along with the general's duplicity. He'd been hired to get Morrison out alive. He hadn't been asked to re-(continued on page 82)

RABBI RABINOWITZ AND HIS SOUVENIR FORESKINS...



TWAINETINE ER

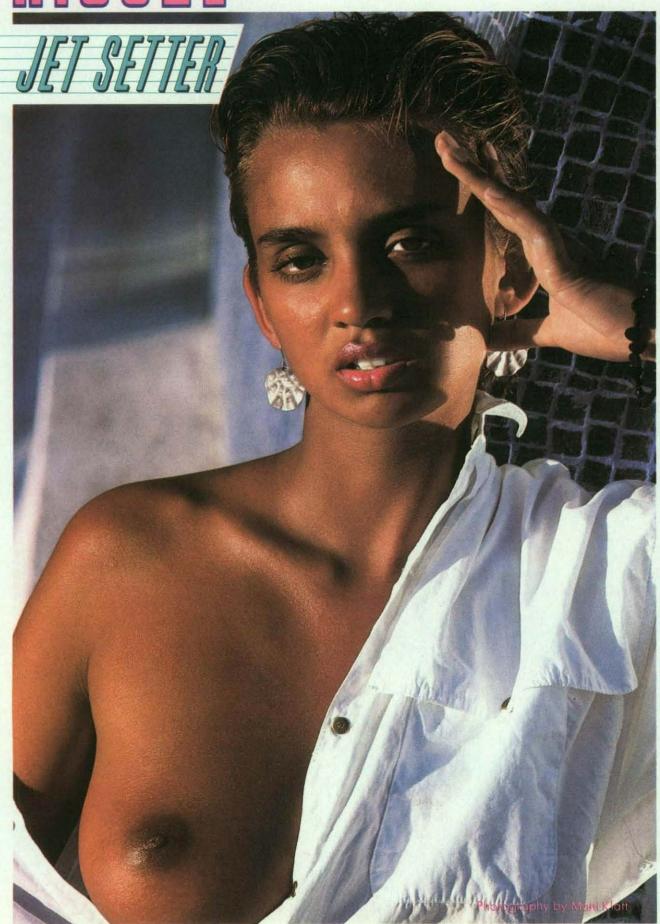




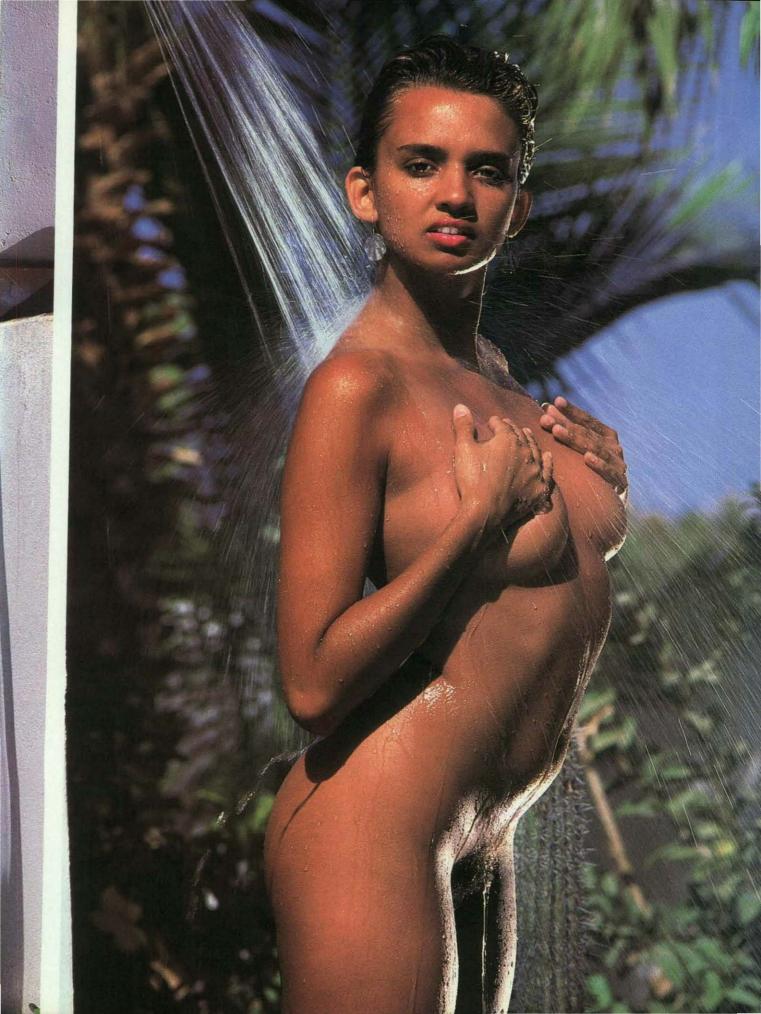
ubile Nicole really gets around. Originally from France, she now divides her time between Paris, New York and half a dozen other exotic ports of call. The tantalizing world traveler is currently soaking up sun and sin down in Mexico.

Sometimes, however, the glamorous life has its drawbacks. "I often think it would be kind of nice to settle down with one guy for a while," Nicole sighs. "But when you move around as much as I do, there just isn't time; so I have to settle for quick flings."

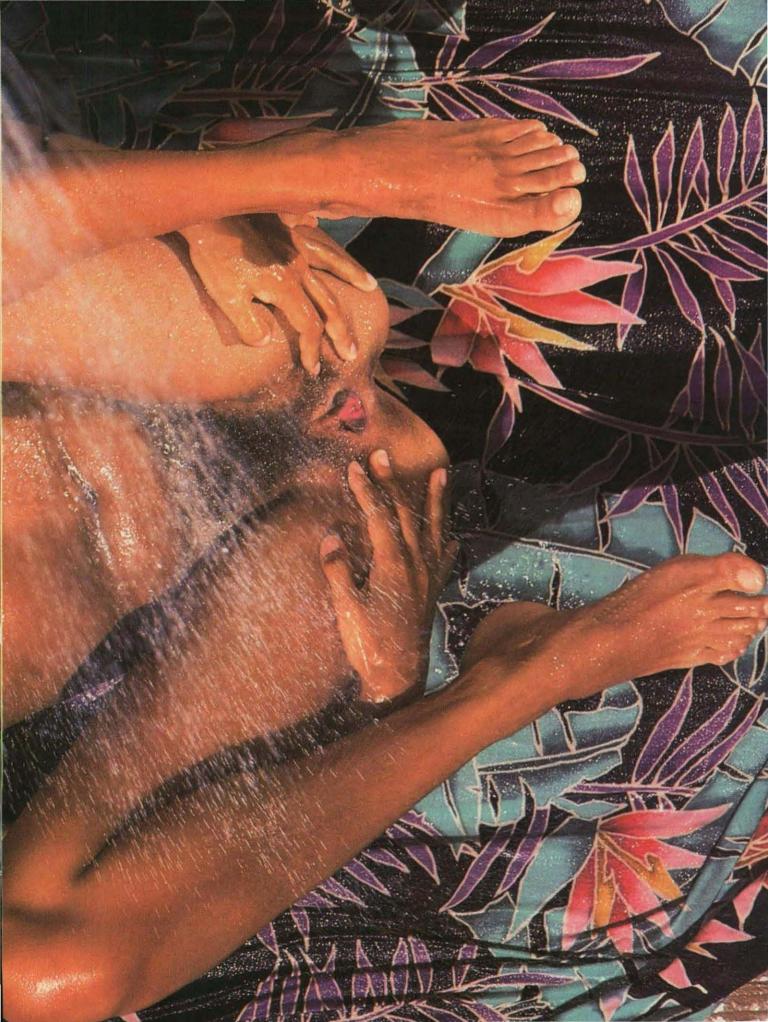
Still, she admits, a quick fling is better than nothing. "I suppose I'll always be on the go; so I might as well get used to it. It's possible I'll meet someone worth settling down for eventually, but he'll have to be one hell of a man!" All contenders, the line forms in the rear. NICOLE

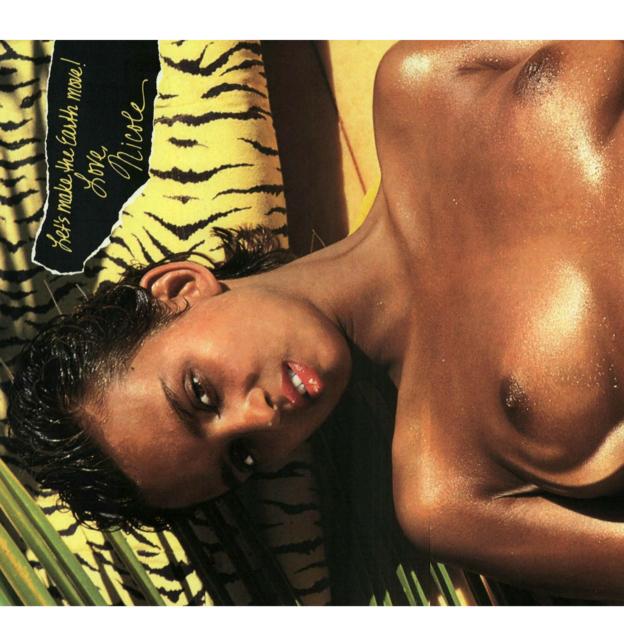


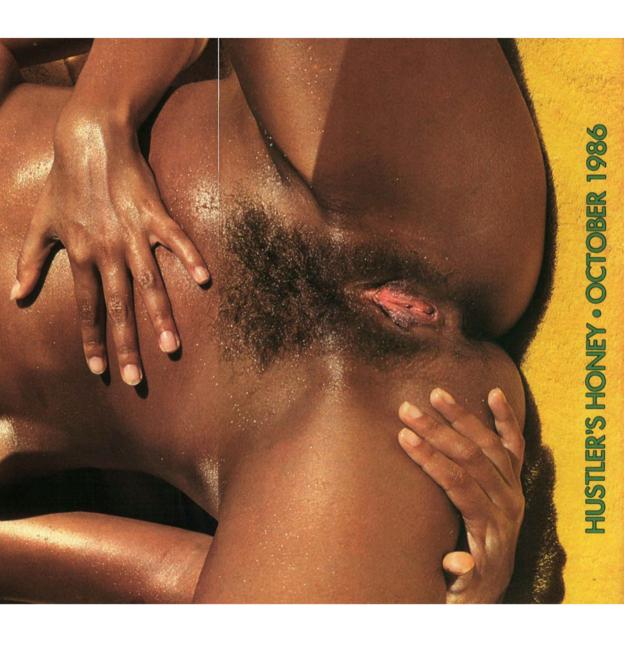








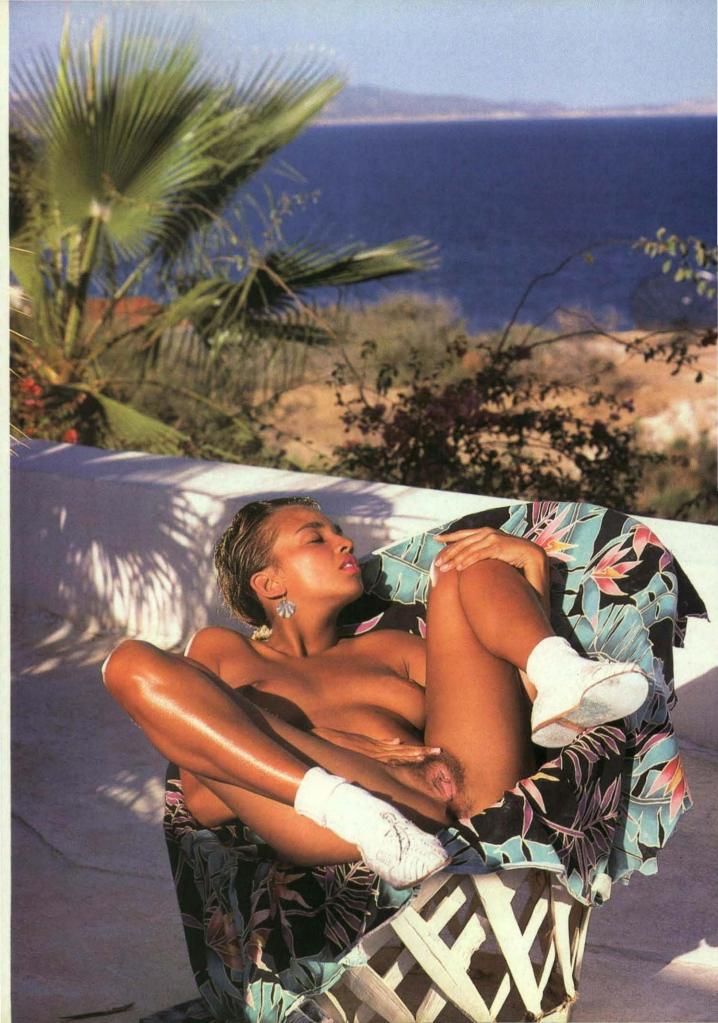














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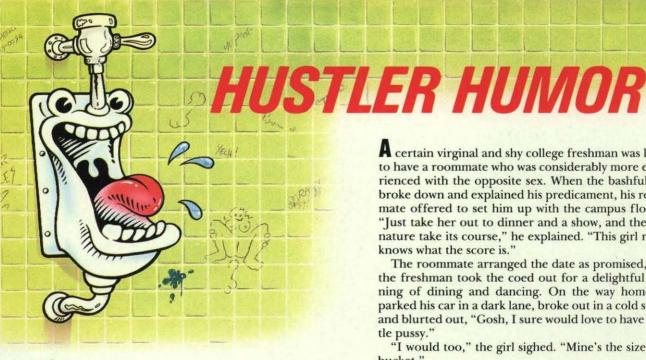
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t had taken a while for the man to persuade his wife to let him make love to her. She hadn't been very cooperative during the act and, now that it was over, she snapped, "You're lucky, Ralph, that I don't make you pay me what I'm worth for submitting to this!"

"I sure am, Blanche," sighed the husband, "because if I did that, I'd probably be arrested for violating the

minimum-wage law."

wo slightly tipsy gays were sipping cocktails in a bar when an attractive, well-built blonde walked by. The first fag didn't even look up, but the second stared in obvious appreciation, emitting a long, low whistle-just loud enough for his companion to hear.

"See here," the first homo said sharply. "You're not

thinking of going straight, are you?"

"No, of course not," his friend said reassuringly. "But when I see something like that go by, I sometimes wish I'd been born a lesbian."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines the Great American Dream as: 5 million Negroes swimming back to Africa with a Jew under each arm.

A young rape victim was telling the cops her story. The detective asked her what the rapist looked like. "I don't know," she replied, "but he was from Texas."

"Was he tall, short, black, white, Mexican, what?"

"I don't know," the woman replied, "but he was from Texas."

"Did you see him at all?" the flustered cop inquired.

"No, but he was from Texas!" the woman insisted.

"If you didn't see him at all, how'd you know he was from Texas?" the detective prodded.

"Because the guy had an eight-inch belt buckle and a four-inch prick!'

Question: What's Waldheim's disease? Answer: You get old and forget you were a Nazi.

A man applying for work in a Florida lemon grove seemed too well-bred for the job. "Look, Mac," asked the foreman, "have you ever picked lemons?"

"I certainly have," replied the applicant. "I've been

married and divorced five times.'

A certain virginal and shy college freshman was lucky to have a roommate who was considerably more experienced with the opposite sex. When the bashful boy broke down and explained his predicament, his roommate offered to set him up with the campus floozie. "Just take her out to dinner and a show, and then let nature take its course," he explained. "This girl really knows what the score is."

The roommate arranged the date as promised, and the freshman took the coed out for a delightful evening of dining and dancing. On the way home he parked his car in a dark lane, broke out in a cold sweat and blurted out, "Gosh, I sure would love to have a little pussy."

"I would too," the girl sighed. "Mine's the size of a

bucket."

uestion: What's the glow-in-the-dark special at the Russian Tea Room? Answer: Chicken Kiev.

wo black kids, Tom and Dusty, were taking a crap behind the barn at twilight. Suddenly, a large, white image appeared before them. "Is you scared?" asked Dusty.

"No," answered Tom. "Is you?"

"No-oooo!" replied Dusty.

"Then tell me somethin'," said Tom. "Why is you wiping my ass!"

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines Mexican fortune cookie as: a taco shell with working papers inside it.

Une afternoon a little farm girl answered the door. The caller-a rather troubled-looking, middle-aged manasked to see her father.

"If you've come about the bull," she said, "he's \$50.

We have the papers, and he's guaranteed." "Young lady," the man said, "I want to see your

father."

"If that's too much for you, Mister," the little girl added, "we've got us another bull that goes for \$25, and he's guaranteed too, but he doesn't have any papers."

"I'm not here for a bull," said the man angrily. "I want to talk to your father about Elmer. Your brother's

gotten my daughter in trouble."

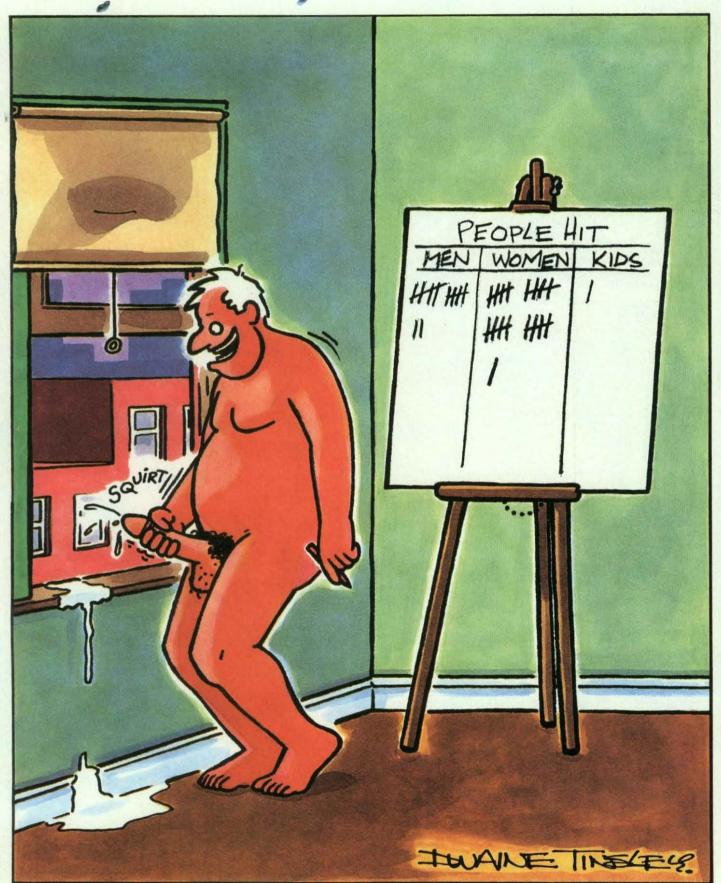
"Oh, I'm sorry," said the little girl, "but you'll have to see Pa about that too. I don't know what he charges for Elmer."

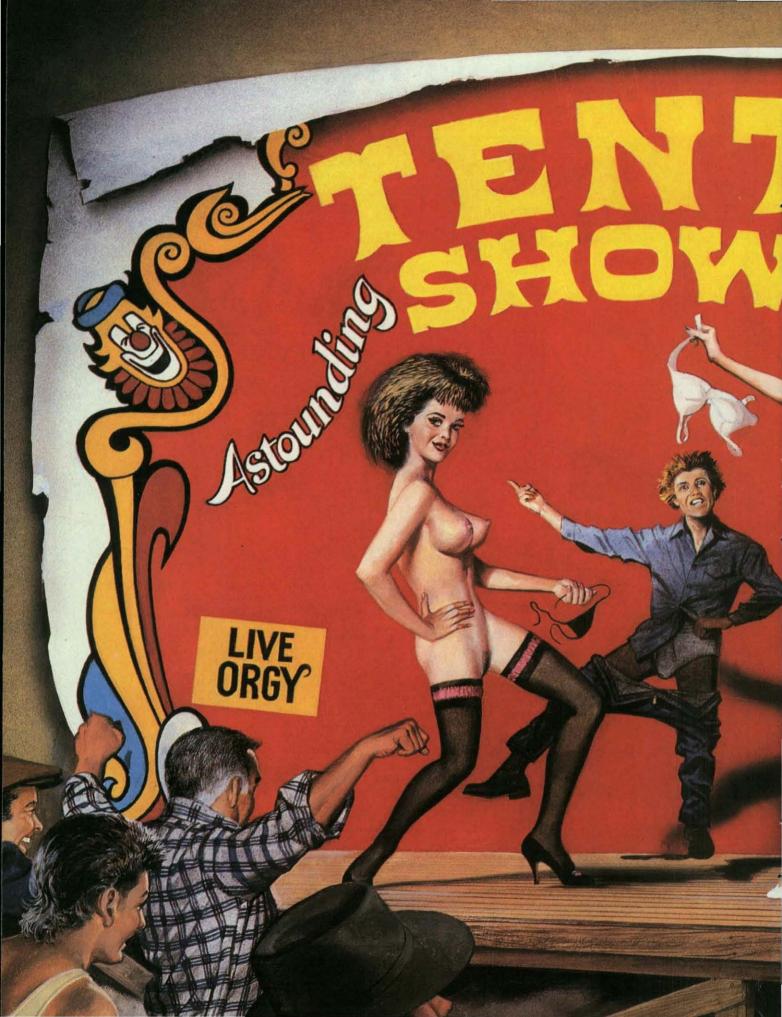
uestion: What did Moses say when he reached the top of Mount Sinai?

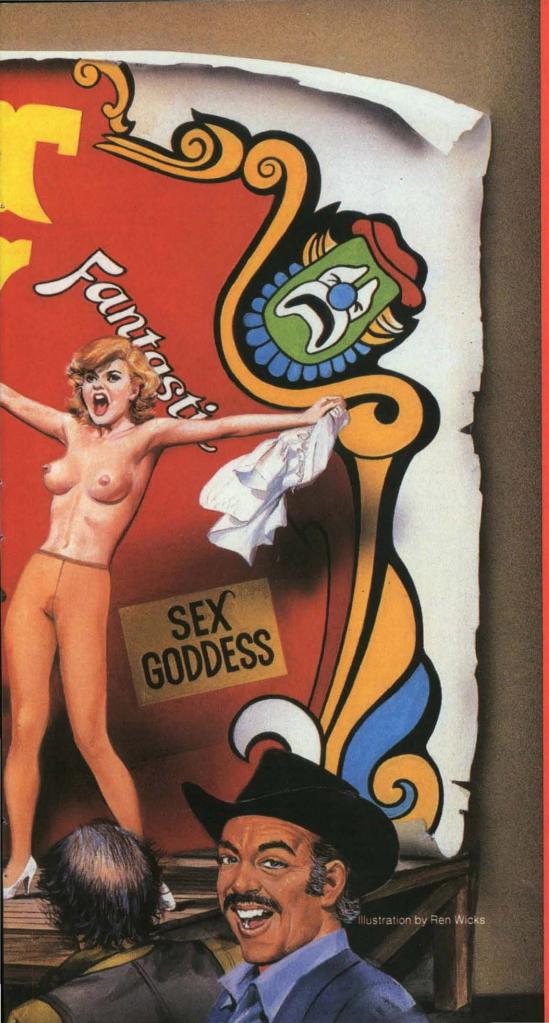
Answer: "Here . . . we will build our next hospital."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" × 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry-we cannot return submissions.

Chester the Molester







osemary

was getting into when she entered the tent.
Neither did Frank.
A couple of innocents who had rattled down from the hills in their old truck to go to the carnival.

There had been new life in this sleeping town since they started drilling for oil

Fiction by Walt Johnson

TENT SHOW (continued from page 67)

He could feel the soft contours of cunt lips through the fabric, and he wriggled his fingers deeper.

on Jake Heppard's place and, with new money coming in, the American Legion was sponsoring a carnival. It was the first one that had ever come to Piney Creek. "This ain't no kiddy carnival, Frank," one of the town's tobacco-chewing old daddies had assured him. "When the Legion puts one on, you know it's got zing."

"What you mean?"

"Go in the girlie tent. You'll find out.

You'll grow up, boy."

Frank looked interested, and the oldtimer expanded. "They'll put on a show like you can't even see in Baltimore. They can get away with it on account they only stay for a week. By the time the ol' church biddies find out and they start bringin' the law in, the carny's pulled up stakes an' rolled on to another town. You gonna take Rosemary?"

"I reckon."

The old-timer laughed slyly. "Hold on tight to her."

It was Rosemary's first time at a carnival, and it was she who held tightly to Frank as they tromped the glittering wonderworld. The carnival, coming from far

away, brought something that passed for glamour into workworn lives. It put a soft and unaccustomed look of excitement on gaunt, weatherbeaten faces.

Taking the advice of the old daddies, Frank had stayed clear of the gambling booths. Now he stopped with Rosemary at the Ferris wheel. With a cone of pink cotton candy in one hand, she clumped down into the slat-wood seat, squealing delight and expectancy.

The big wheel creaked them up and around. When you were on top, the whole lighted-up midway was spread out below. You could see all the way to the darkened far end, where a lone tent squatted. Rosemary pointed with the cotton candy. "What's that one?"

"That? Uh-that's the girlie tent."

"What do they do there?"

"Put on a dancin' show-kind of," Frank told her, his eyes taking hard note of the tent's location. He was taking even more special note of the pleasurably excited "girlie" leaning against him. Slim and curvy, with a pert nose and chin, soft lips, hair an almost cherry-red-top and bottom-and breasts just the right size for his big hands, Rosemary was the choicest morsel in Sycamore County.

He stopped kissing her and pawing at her breasts, and reached a hand under her skirt, smoothing his fingers along her leg until they were scratching at the crotch of her pantyhose. He could feel the soft contours of cunt lips through the fabric, and he wriggled his fingers deeper. He lucked out, discovering a slight rip in the seam. When he started working around at the rip, Rosemary clamped her legs together and said, "Stop it, Frank!"

"Why? Feels good to my fingers. Don't

it feel good to you?"

She crossed her legs, squeezing him out. "Now you behave. With people all around, it ain't seemly."

Disgorged from the Ferris wheel, Frank and Rosemary merged with the midway throng. Feeling restless and randy-and with sex frustration gnawing at him-Frank grabbed his girlfriend by the arm and plowed through the crowd on a beeline drive for the girlie tent. As they neared the place, they could hear the hoarse sing-song voice of the barker:

"Right down in front, gents. See the little lady. Watch how she shakes and

quakes. . . .

By the time Frank and Rosemary got there, the "little lady" who had been displaying some of her wares had gone inside, and the barker wasn't barking anymore. The only sounds now were uncertain bursts of laughter and a few crude wisecracks from men eagerly buying tickets and streaming in.

Frank handed his money to the man in the high cash booth. "Two," he said.

The cashier looked at Frank, then he looked at Rosemary, then back at Frank. "It's a stag show."

"Two tickets," Frank told him.

The man looked at the money waving at him. His hand made a quick rub against his jaw. He shrugged and tore off a couple of pink tickets from the roll. "Last show of the night," he growled, mostly to himself. "All right. Go on in."

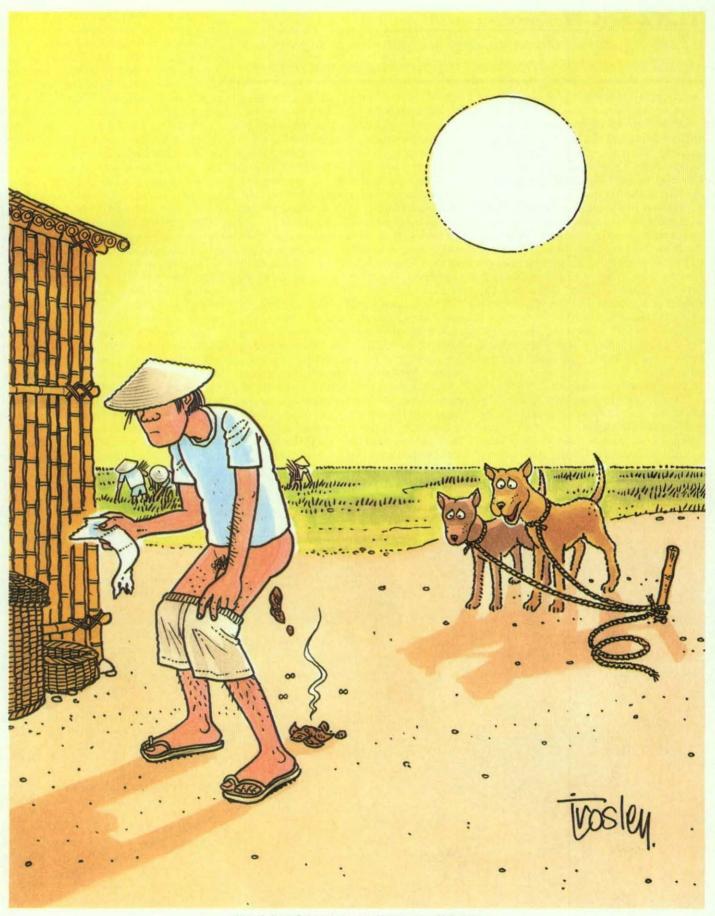
Inside the tent was an empty wooden platform and maybe 20 men standing around. A few brash ones hugged the edge of the platform, but most of the audience hung diffidently back, not meeting each other's eyes. They blew out a lot of cigarette smoke as their feet shuffled

on the tramped-down grass.

Rangy and lean-jawed, most of them were red in the neck and face from working hillside farms sunup to sundown. Crowding them were some town dudes, heavier and whiter in the face, softer in the paunch. A sprinkling of oldsters stood with milky eyes blinking, every one of them with a knowing grin on his slack mouth. One very fat man, in an excess of



"Thanks, God!"



"Wow! Just 24 hours ago that was ol' Rex!"

TENT SHOW (continued from page 68)

Those big, soft boobs shook and slid when she moved her shoulders, and the strawberry nipples pushed out at him.

excitement, made little grunting sounds when he breathed.

All of them threw speculative glances at Rosemary, and she felt something disquieting about the place. "I'm the only female here," she whispered to Frank. Her eyes roved. "Where are we going to sit? No chairs—not one."

"Reckon it's a standup show," Frank said, his neck swiveling as his own eyes took a nervous sweep around. He recognized the barker at the back of the tent. In the same sweep of his eyes he saw two boys stick their heads in under the canvas. The barker spotted them too. He moved in and kicked at the place where the boys' heads had been.

Frank turned quickly to Rosemary. "This is lookin' like a tough place, honey. Maybe you'd better go wait for me outside.

"No," Rosemary said.

"Okay." Holding tightly to her, he edged his way in close to join the ones who looked like they knew what they were doing. He was just in time. From behind the dingy curtain a scantily clad young woman came out. Moving to some raspy

record, she pranced around, swishing her ass and shaking her bare shoulders.

The pace picked up until-like the barker had promised-she was moving everything. Especially her big boobs. Under the skimpy bra her tits bounced up and down and slid from side to side. Her purple panties were as skimpy as her bra, and silky tassels hung down, swishing around her bare legs when she shimmied.

Frank stole a sidelong glance at Rosemary, then riveted his gaze back to the dancer. Rosemary's mouth stayed fairly wide open. She hadn't got over the initial shock.

Without any warning the dancing girl reached her hands high up behind her back and, when her hands came out in front of her again, one of them swung the bra that had contained her bouncing breasts. Now strawberry nipples showed.

"Looka them knockers!" It was the fat man talking. He had bellied in against the stage with his elephant legs widespread.

Rosemary leaned in close to Frank. "You like 'em like that? They'll be hangin' down to her knees by the time she's 30!"

Frank said the careful, right thing. "I

like 'em how yours are, hon. Anything I can't get my hands around is wasted-"

Frank stopped talking because the dancing girl hooked her thumbs into the top of her panties. They must have had some kind of secret fastening. She didn't even have to step out of them; they just popped off, and she waved them around.

Rosemary caught her breath, but Frank caught more than that. He had a tentpole caught painfully in his underwear. He tried to keep Rosemary from seeing while he bent over, his hands groping to loosen his shorts so's his cock could comfortably stand straight up against his belly.

The girl swinging her panties on the platform saw what he was doing. She glided over to him, and he froze as she squatted in front of his face on the high platform. She was still moving everything, only now she did it just for him. In this frozen moment they were the only two people in the world.

The dancer, with her bare feet in high heels, squinched her naked body closer to Frank's sweating face. Those big, soft boobs shook and slid when she moved her shoulders, and the strawberry nipples pushed out at him. Her blond hair swished around to touch her breasts as she moved her shoulders. Blond hair between her legs too. While Frank stared glassy-eyed, she moved her knees wide apart. Her cunt winked at him.

He couldn't help it . . . his whole body jerked as he went off in his shorts. He came and kept coming. He caught his breath and concentrated on making his face look ordinary. It was important not to let on like anything was happening.

The dancer went to a man farther down the line. He leaned eagerly into her, burying his face between her soft legs. High up.

Rosemary clutched Frank's arm. "Do you see that? He's lickin' her peehole!"

Frank saw it, all right.

The girl pushed the man's head away and moved to the next man in line.

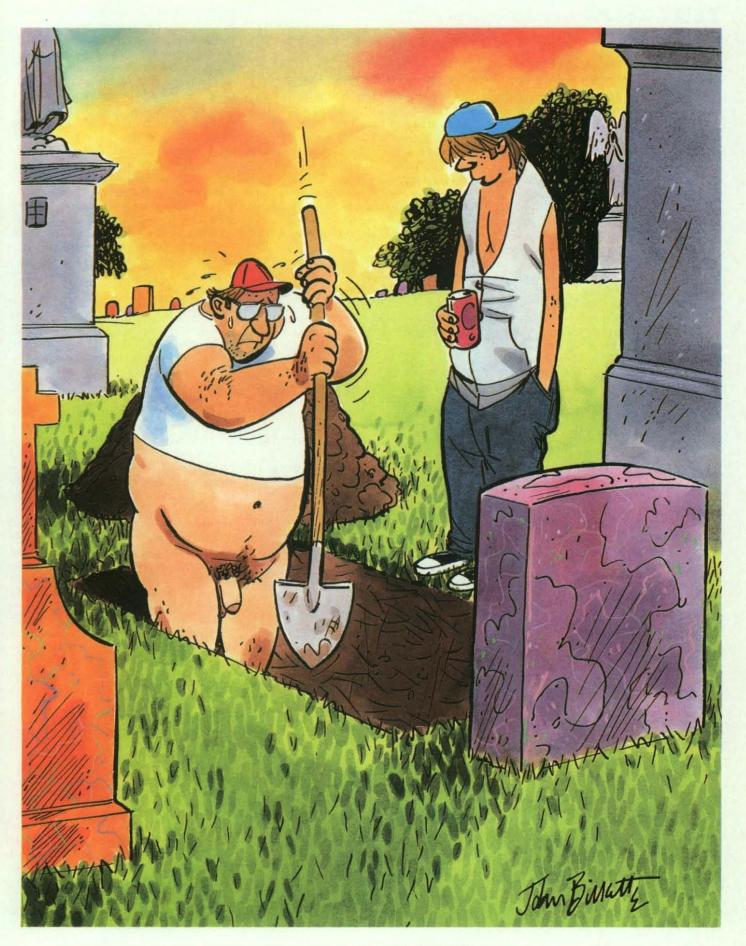
"He's doin' it to her too!" Rosemary gasped.

The dancing girl grabbed the hair of the man nuzzling in. She ground her hips a little, putting her pussy where he could get at it better... and moved on to give the next man a chance.

She kept doing that, getting closer to Frank as she fed those cunt-starved mouths, giving each one a turn, and with a look on her face that was curious if you stopped to think about it—a proud look, a quietly superior look. She knew it was a woman's world, and she and every woman had something to give or deny. All the men wanted it, if they weren't too shy or brainwashed to admit it.

She finally squatted in front of the fat man next to Frank. The man's head





"You really miss Mom, huh, Dad?"

TENT SHOW (continued from page 70)

He could smell the heat of her, see the spit and pussy juice between her opened legs, the matted cunt hairs.

jammed in there. Frank couldn't see the lips and tongue working on the cunt, but he heard sucking and slurping.

Frank knew *he* could never do anything like this. In front of everybody? Je-sus! Not even if Rosemary wasn't there.

And then the girl left the man, and there she was, squatting in front of Frank again. He could smell the heat of her, see the spit and pussy juice between her opened legs, the matted cunt hairs.

She raised and lowered her hips, pressing her pussy over the young man's face from eyes to chin, settling snugly in against his working mouth. She stayed, pressing hard, while his hands grasped her legs just below the curve of her ass. As he lipped and licked, he could feel the soft firmness of her legs pillowed against his cheeks. She held him there, gently bumping and grinding, pleasuring herself as she pleasured him.

All at once her hands tugged at both sides of his head, yanking him in. Her cunt ground against his teeth. He tasted her juices running, and the muddled thought came through that *she* must be about to come, as he was again.

Eyes and ears buried in cunt, Frank didn't see when Rosemary squeezed her eyelids down on starting tears, gave a convulsive gasp and, with something like the frenzy of a crazed acrobat, hoisted herself onto the platform. She stood facing everybody and pulled her skirt and lacy half-slip high, tearing at the fingerhole that Frank had started in her pantyhose on the Ferris wheel.

She squatted at the tip-toe edge of the platform the way the other girl had done it. Her legs spread wide to reveal her cunt, in all its curly, red-haired, openlipped glory, framed in the torn panty-hose.

Before the unbelieving eyes of all those men crowding close, her fingers moved to open her cunt lips wide. She then quickly took one hand away from the pink-and-pearly, brushed her fingertips across her nose and dangled her fingers at the men. "Want a whiff, boys? Come in closer. First hog at the trough gets the juiciest slobber."

They couldn't believe it at first. They just stood staring.

"What are you waiting for?" she taunt-

ed them, the words husking out of her lips like the hard-edged urgings of the carny barker. "You boys down there 'preciate real country-fresh pussy, don't you? Come on up and bite into some guaranteed garden-fresh Sycamore County cunt."

It was like an electric shock went through the place. Tent-show cunt was an anticipated part of a traveling carnival, but this homespun girl with skirts raised high and fingers beckoning was something else. Suddenly, what they had been doing wasn't tent-show theater anymore. This was fucking real—the righteous stuff. Nobody was content to take turns now. A collective, deep-throated animal growl sounded through the tent as every man in the place—except Frank, who was still buried eyes and ears in carny cunt—surged forward.

It was like a spaced-out dream to Rosemary. Fatboy got to her first, with his hammy hands on her legs and his head under her skirts. She fell back on the floor, and he stayed in there, nuzzling.

Someone yanked her skirt higher, and hands reached in from both sides, trying to dislodge fatboy's head from the enticing leg-vise. But that hungry mouth wasn't about to let go. The raunchy crowd looked higher up for action. Men hauled out stiff and aching pricks and rough-shouldered each other onto the platform, crawling in knee-bump frenzy to be the first to get a tortured wang in the direction of Rosemary's mouth.

A tit man ripped her blouse down and rough-fingered her breasts out from under her bra. Right away a mouth nursed on each nipple. Frenzied hands pried fatboy's head out from between Rosemary's legs. The fastest one of the dislodging crew got his bobbing cock in there. Two obliging friends grabbed her ankles and held her legs high and wide apart. That country-fresh pussy framed by torn panty-hose and nestled in that glorious red tangle was going to be something to remember. The man in the saddle slammed his cock in.

At the back of the tent the show manager was conferring nervously with the barker. "It's gettin' rusty—"

"You can say that again!"

"All right. Get the boys in here before the heat moves in on us."

Caught up in the jungle fever, the carny girl broke the cunt-to-mouth connection, violently shoving Frank's head away. She slid off the stage, lurched around and bent over. Her breasts and belly squashed into the wooden platform, and the white moon of her ass poked at Frank's face. She bent her neck, looking back through tousled hair.

(continued on page 94)



"Chuck's a very proud father. He's always showing pictures of his kid. . . . "

his may be the 1980s, but you'd never know it to look at Astra and Sunflower, a pair of hippie throwbacks who still believe in letting it all hang out. On a warm summer day they take their psychedelic-love van to an isolated stream and get down with some fine herb to the sounds of "Mr. Tambourine Man." Photography by Matti Klatt

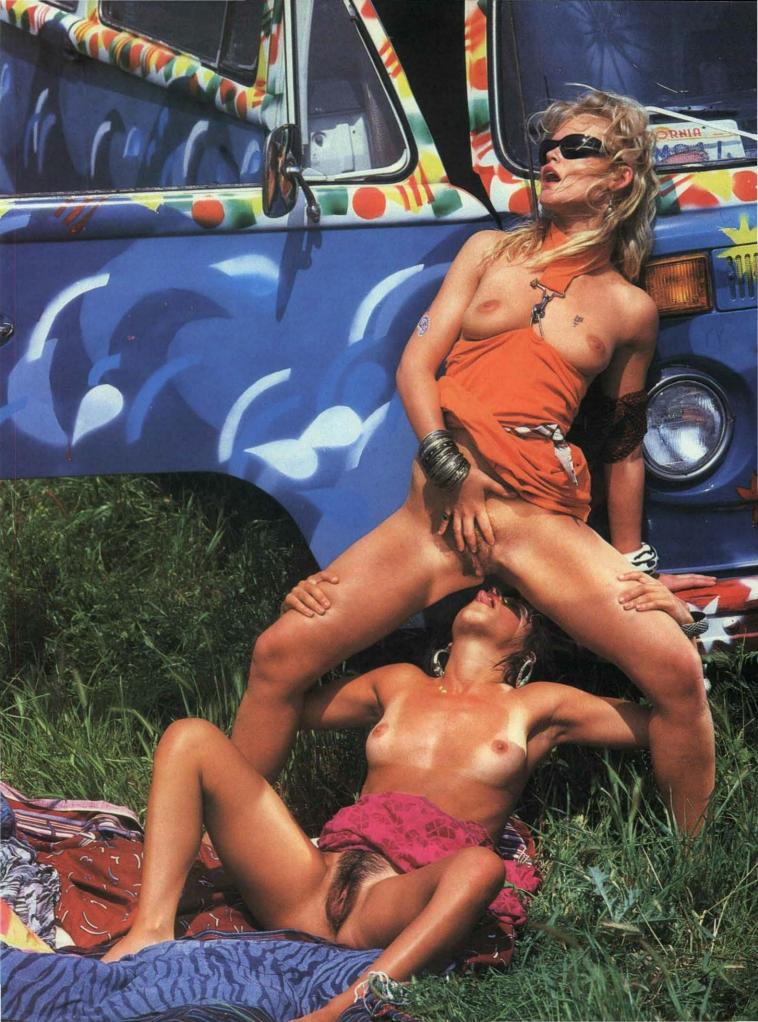








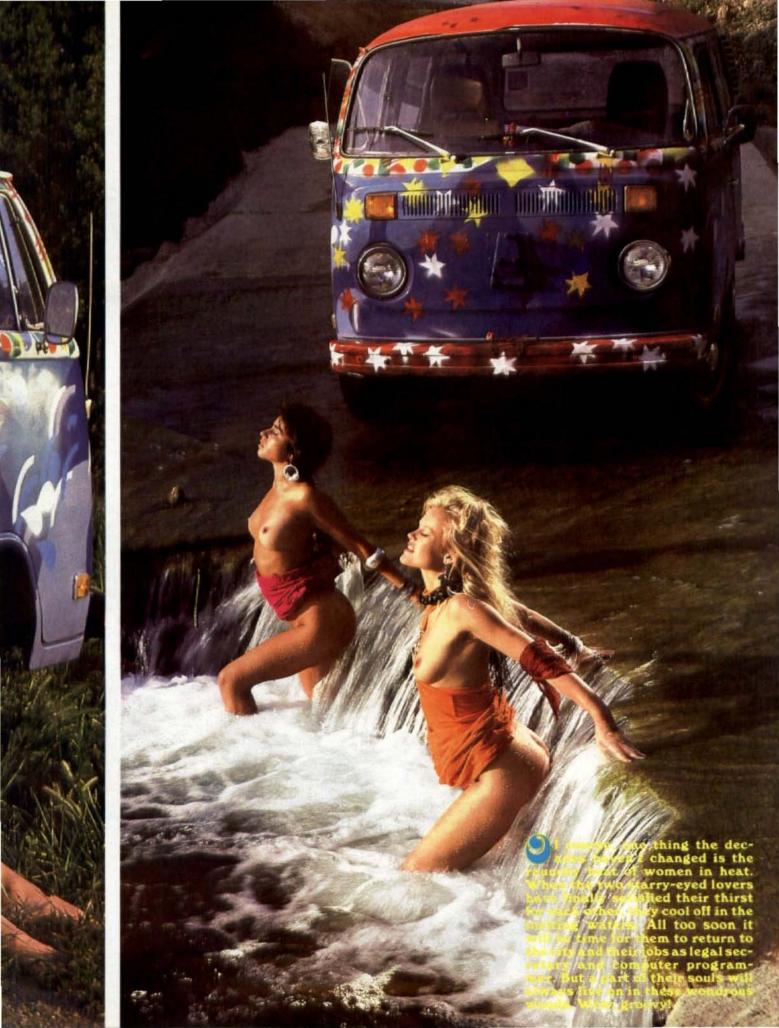












COUNTERTERRORISM (continued from page 50)

The interpreter's face turned white. "He says he's going to execute us!" The Americans were lined up against a wall.

structure U.S. policy with Argentina.

At 3 a.m. on the appointed "D-Day," Hobson and his men were ushered to a battered, twin-engine plane they unanimously decreed to be a "piece of shit." In what seemed to be an incredibly short time the pilot was signaling the Americans to bail out. McDowell, the only experienced parachutist on the mission, complained that they couldn't be higher than 2,000 feet. "But we jumped anyway," Hobson says, laughing at the memory.

Hobson's suspicions proved true as soon as they hit the ground. The terrorists' "jungle encampment" was a village with nearly 30 dwellings. There was a church, a cantina, stores, and children's toys scattered in the streets, but the place was deserted.

By now Hobson knew that they had been had, but he still couldn't figure the complete setup. Why the parachute jump? Sandoval could have taken them to the village in jeeps or armored trucks.

Hobson instructed his men to find Morrison so they could get the hell out of there. The project director was located in a hut. He had a puffed eye and facial

bruises, but he hobbled eagerly to his feet, overjoyed at seeing American faces. When Hobson emerged from the hut with Morrison, they found themselves surrounded by 20 terrorists with drawn weapons.

A fat, disheveled man in a General MacArthur cap identified himself as Bastedo. "Welcome," Bastedo said, smiling broadly, exposing shards of rotten teeth. "We have been expecting you." Bastedo jerked Hobson's weapon from his hands and slapped him across the face. "You see what incompetents they sent to rescue you, Senor Morrison?'

With rifle bores pressed against the temples of each of his men, Hobson knew he had to restrain his anger. "Wait," he protested as a terrorist began to bind his arms behind him. "We have come here to negotiate. We are authorized to arrange payment of a realistic ransom. Is this an appropriate response to a negotiating

Bastedo began to speak in Spanish, punctuating his words by punching Hobson in the gut. It was now obvious that the terrorist leader spoke little English.

"Okay, Palmer," Hobson barked. "It's time for you to earn your pay."

The interpreter's face turned white. "He says he's going to execute us!" In short order the Americans were lined up against a wall to face a firing squad. "Tell the bastard that if he kills us, he'll get no money for Morrison," Hobson instructed Palmer. "Tell him we've come here to negotiate."

Bastedo removed his heavy arms from around the shoulders of two senoritas and strode toward Hobson. Without comment he struck him several times. then spat in his face. As Bastedo turned on his heel, the death detail cocked their rifles. At the command to fire, the anguished Americans heard the firing pins click metallically on empty chambers. Bastedo laughed obscenely.

On the second day of their captivity Hobson again endured Bastedo's abuse. His fury uncapped, he ordered Palmer to tell "the pig-sucking son of a bitch to stop punching me, or I'll rip his throat out with my teeth!"

Palmer refused, protesting that Bastedo would have them killed on the spot.

"Then tell him we've come to negotiate. Tell the asshole to cut the bullshit!"

Bastedo responded to the ultimatum by ordering the Americans back to the wall. "Execution for sure now!" he growled. As the Americans' hands were untied so they could make peace with their maker, the terrorist came up to Hobson and punched him and spat in his

"Damn it, asshole!" Hobson snarled. "I warned you!" He threw himself upon the terrorist, his powerful fingers tearing for the man's throat. After a struggle with Bastedo and three of his men, Hobson was pinned to the ground, his face ringed by rifle barrels.

Bastedo sat up, dusted his jacket with his cap and laughed. "Now we negotiate!"

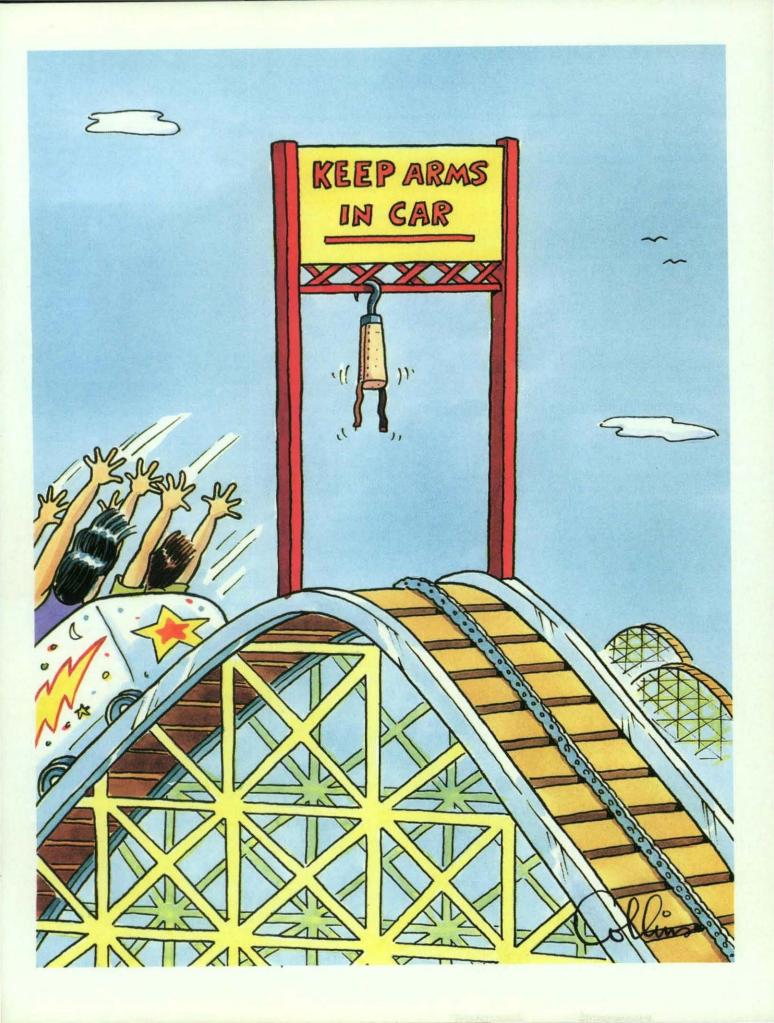
After a few hours of discussion and haggling, Bastedo agreed to drop his previous ransom demand of \$35 million down to \$350,000. Hobson and Bill Mc-Dowell were taken to the edge of the village and told by Bastedo that they must walk back to the air base and inform General Sandoval that they had come to an agreement. When the U.S. currency was transferred, they could return in jeeps to reclaim Morrison and the others.

"Bastedo told us that it was 17 miles by foot to the air base," Hobson remembers. "To walk, he said, was a shortcut. The journey was 40 miles by automobile on the jungle roads."

With raucous shouts of "Bring back mucho Yankee dinero!" ringing in their ears, Hobson and McDowell began their trek to the military base. "McDowell hadn't said one damn word during the entire



"My husband didn't want to be buried or cremated!"



COUNTERTERRORISM (continued from page 82)

"We moved from shadow to shadow and quietly freed the rest of our team. Then we kicked ass."

three days of our capture," Hobson remembers. "He had endured every bit of mistreatment in complete silence. Suddenly, after we had walked only a few hundred yards out of sight of the village, he spoke up: 'I'm going back.' '

Hobson, concerned about the safety of Morrison and the other men, snapped, "McDowell, you crazy son of a bitch, turn your ass around and keep walking!"

"They ran me out of Vietnam, John. They aren't going to run me out of Argentina."

"All right, goddammit!" Hobson proclaimed. "Let's go kick ass!"

The two men set to work sharpening punji sticks with rocks and braiding vines around stones to fashion clubs. As soon as it was dark, they were at the perimeter of the village, their faces covered with mud. "We moved from shadow to shadow and quietly freed the rest of our team," Hobson said. "Then we kicked ass-but good!"

Hobson ordered Mike Ballard to sabotage the terrorists' vehicles and to hot wire a truck that could transport all of them to freedom; then he began to track

a particular quarry. At last he spotted Bastedo leaving a small cottage with a young woman. She seemed to be fighting back tears of revulsion while Bastedo was chortling and smirking as he zipped up his soiled trousers. "I made certain that the bastard knew who was swinging the stone club before it caught him full in the face," Hobson recalls.

The Americans hadn't gone far from the village when they encountered General Sandoval and a small military escort. "Ah, Senor Hobson, how fortunate for you that you have escaped," he purred solicitously. "That Bastedo is a cruel and vicious man. We had assumed that your mission had failed. Even now we were coming to rescue you."

Hobson knew that he had to keep his cool if he, his men and Morrison were to return alive to the United States. He had to relay the results of the negotiations to Sandoval and play it straight-just as if he were not fully aware of the collusion between the military man and the terrorist. And he couldn't betray the fact that he knew that Sandoval had screwed them from Day One of the mission.

Sam Morrison was returned safely to his grateful family. The oil company generously expressed their own gratitude with financial reward to Hobson and his men. And General Sandoval?

"An excellent illustration of how inexperienced the U.S. is in dealing with terrorism." Hobson shakes his head somberly. "A few months after the incident I read in the newspaper that the general was elected to a high office in Argentina. He used the ransom money extracted by the terrorist Bastedo to support his election campaign. The two bastards had been in partnership for years."

John Hobson is not a man who believes in assuming a passive position and fearfully waiting for trouble to come to him. He steadfastly believes in preparing to resist all potential security problems. His success as a lawman and prosecutor has earned him national recognition. Reports to Senate committees have detailed the results of his intelligence gathering and undercover investigations at nuclear sites throughout the country.

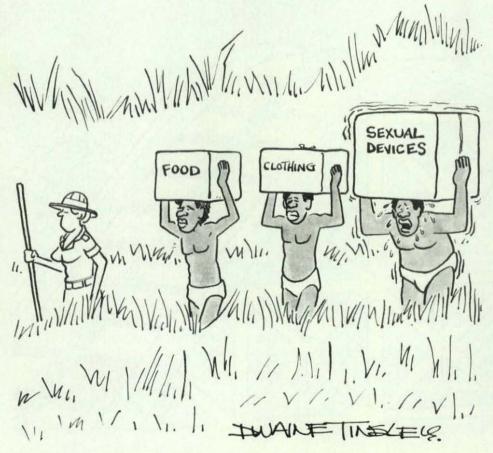
Just a few years ago Hobson issued challenges to several nuclear sites and their security personnel. "I will capture your plant," he boldly declared. In addition to the challenge, Hobson even provided the approximate time he would launch his attack. Even with blatant warnings, Hobson and his force of two or three men seized control of every major nuclear plant they'd marked for "invasion.

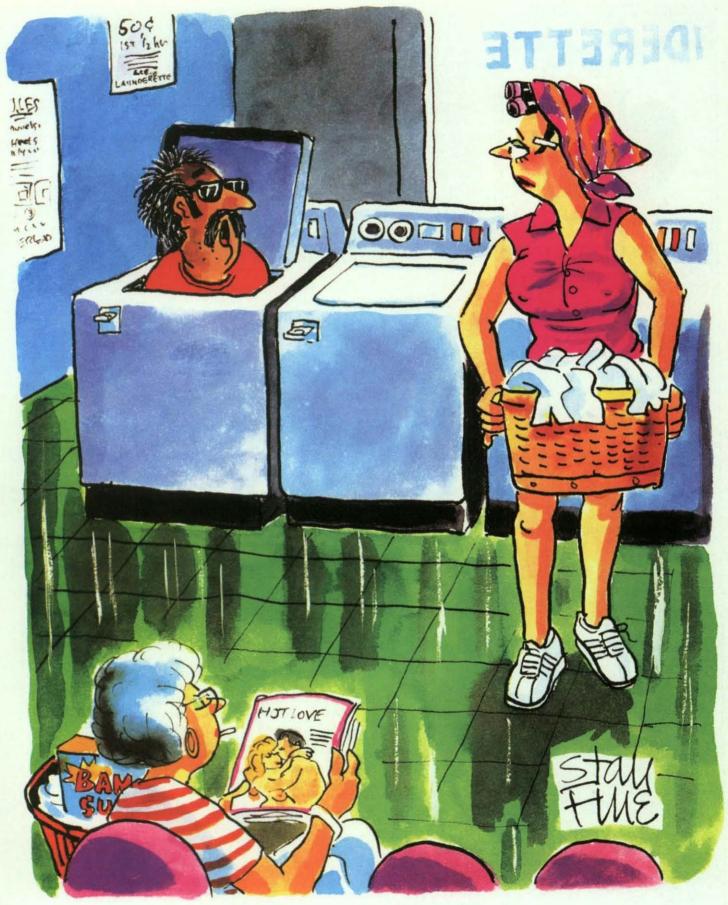
"We approached one of our nation's largest plants from a highway," the amused Hobson relates. "We were wearing ski masks and carrying black bags and coils of rope. We slipped in with a man and a woman from housekeeping and took control of a guard tower.

"We left one man dressed in one of the guard's uniforms on 'duty' at the tower, then began scaling the walls," he continues. "Pretty soon we were inside Level 5 Radiological Control Room, and we planted explosives all over the place.

"Next, we slipped down a tunnel and moved around the pipes and wires, placing dynamite packs as we descended. Soon we were on Level 3, where any tampering with high pressure/low pressure safety injection valves will shut off the water to the rods and cause a meltdown."

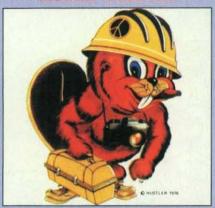
After planting 60 packs of dynamite in that crucial area, Hobson and his operatives positioned themselves outside the wall of the Central Alarm Station (CAS). When a guard came out to relieve himself, Hobson grabbed him by the throat and slammed him up against a wall. With a grenade in one hand and an automatic weapon in the other, the two "terrorists" were the embodiment of





"Hey, lady. Joo know how to flush thees theeng?"

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every nuclear security agent's nightmares.

"Get away from the goddamn radios!" one of Hobson's men shouted at the dazed officers. "Up against the wall! Do as we say, or we blow you away!"

Once the CAS was theirs, Hobson owned the nuclear plant. The command position had concrete walls and ceilings two feet thick, with a large panel of bulletproof glass facing a long corridor.

Hobson laughed aloud when he heard radioed cries of panic and alarm from all over the plant. The chaos only increased when Central Alarm didn't respond.

"Bill Towers, the head of security for the plant, had really been on my case," Hobson grins. "He had said that there was no way that I could get inside. If I tried it, he'd warned me, he'd break my ass."

Hobson watched as the corridor outside the station began to fill with security personnel. "Hey, Towers," Hobson taunted into a microphone. "Call the FBI. Call the CIA. Call the U.S. Army. I don't care who you call. I own this place. Your ass belongs to me!"

Towers frowned incredulously, slowly advancing a few more steps down the corridor. "Goddammit, Hobson! Is that you, you son of a bitch?!"

"Towers, you challenged me to take this nuclear plant and its elite core of crack security," Hobson announced. "Well, I did it. You're all dead!"

"You bastard!" Towers shouted. "You can't get out! You're surrounded!"

"You got it all wrong, Towers," Hobson explained. "You can't get in, and I don't want to get out. I'm a terrorist, remember? I don't want to leave. I want to blow the damn place up for the glory of my cause."

"Blow . . . it up?" Towers stammered.

"Check it out," Hobson snapped. "I've planted more than 60 caches of explosives. I just touch this magic button, and this state becomes a parking lot. The ocean will glow green for a million years. You call it, asshole."

The executives of the power plant were angry and shaken by Hobson's action. "You had no authorization for such an exercise," one of them shouted at him.

"Well," Hobson told them, "I did, and I didn't. You asked me to test the soundness of your plant architecturally and to evaluate your alarm systems. After Towers boasted that his men could resist any terrorist attempt at penetration, I thought the best way to demonstrate your plant's vulnerability would be to take it with my own terrorist attack."

Hobson got off with a request not to report the power inadequacies to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and with a vote of thanks for pinpointing its weaknesses. After all, Hobson had been a consultant for the manual that serves as the guideline for nuclear-plant security. "But the lesson was not lost upon them," Hobson emphasizes. "If I had been a terrorist, we would have had a new coastline."

Hobson is convinced that terrorists are entering this country every day. "They're coming as students and as professionals. They're getting jobs, becoming good citizens. But one day, upon some given signal, they will become activated. They will hit our factories, our nuclear plants, our military installations, our airports. And I am frighteningly convinced that we will not know what to do. We will not know how to handle it."

Hobson is concerned that the United States and its people are "Number 1" on the "hit" parade list for international terrorists. "We've got to advise our executives who travel abroad on how to provide adequate security for themselves and their families. Domestically, our management levels need instruction on how to protect their firms and their factories from attacks, both from within and without. Our homeowners and our average citizens must learn how to defend both their property and their persons against assault."

So what agency is going to protect us? "We're going to have to stop living in some kind of fantasy world here in America," Hobson says. "We cannot fight terrorism as if it were some kind of game. These bastards don't play by any kind of rules that we can recognize. Public apathy has defused the CIA. Continual bitching at them has limited their ability to gather effective intelligence. The FBI has the network to be effective, but they've lost credibility with other law-enforcement agencies because of their lack of cooperation."

In Hobson's opinion we, as a nation, must become more security conscious. "We must realize that domestic, as well as international, terrorism can erupt anywhere with an American as a victim."

His solution to the growing threat of terrorism? "I say that, starting right now, whenever we get into a situation where terrorists mess with us, we give them a 'Hobson's choice.' Did you know that's even in the dictionary? Look it up. It means that you got to take what's offered to you or you get nothing at all.

"So that's what we offer the terrorists the next time the bastards take over a ship or a plane or whatever. They take what we offer them, or they get nothing. Nothing but trouble."

Brad Steiger is a prolific writer whose books include <u>Thorpe's Gold</u> and <u>Unknown Powers</u>. All personal names other than John Hobson's in this article have been changed to protect the individuals involved.

Beaver Hunt

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Photo by Husband

Twenty-five-year-old Barbie, an Augusta, Georgia, cosmetologist, is into skating, dancing, reading and cooking. Her fantasy is to have two women make love to her at the same time.



Tantalizing Terri, 29, is a secretary from Rancho Mirage, California, who enjoys dancing and swimming. She dreams of performing a striptease at a popular nightclub. Fishing and fucking are Sandy's favorite hobbies. The 21-year-old mother from Fort Collins, Colorado, says that some of her fantasies have been realized, and some haven't even been thought of yet. In short, she's still game for most anything.



Sacramento, California's Veronica is a 21-year-old housewife and mother who likes to spend her free time boating and sunbathing in the nude. Her fondest fantasy is to tie up her boyfriend, with the help of another girl, and then "tease the shit out of him."

Photo by Friend

Photo by Husband

"Little One," 24, is a forklift operator who hails from Stockton, California, She enjoys baseball, hunting, camping, playing pool and, of course, sex. Her fantasy is to be seduced and teased by a group of women, then have an attractive gentleman finish her off by "fucking me to tears,"









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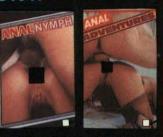
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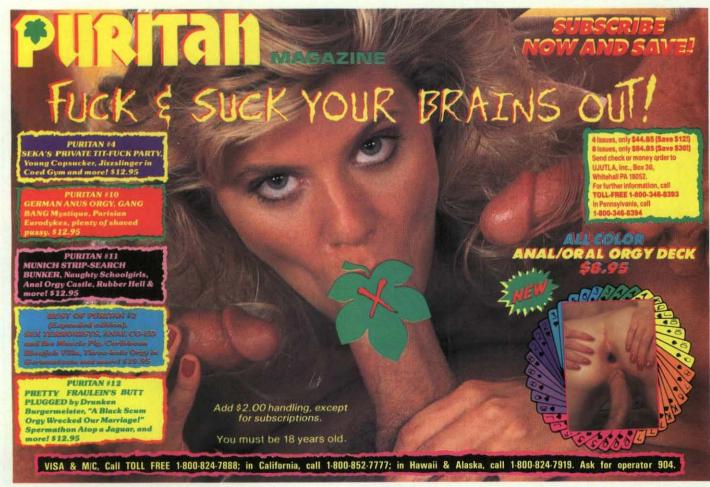
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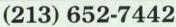
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(continued from page 72)

"Fuck me," she rasped.

Frank stared at the two inviting holes: the slack cunt-mouth buried in pubic hair, wet and matted from his own mouthing and, just above the cunt, the pink pucker of the girl's asshole. Frank had never fucked an ass. His cock waved across both places in a moment of indecision. A man needed *two* cocks. He could sink 'em both in at the same time.

She decided for him. Her hands reached back and pulled her ass cheeks wide. She made her bottom hole move, contracting and expanding. "In here," she directed. "Fuck me hard! Give it to me in the ass!"

The hole was wet from seeping juices, and Frank poked the purple knob of his prick inside the clinging flesh. He'd heard the good ol' boys say you have to start it slow and easy in the ass, but he was too pumped-up by erotic excitement to do anything but shove.

The girl took it all right. Her sphincters tightened and sucked him in all the way. One tight squeeze on his cock was all it took. Frank unloaded his balls in a second coming and collapsed across the girl's bare back. Then he looked across the stage. Overheated contestants were jug-

gling for new positions, and Frank was stunned to see who was getting the attention. "Rosemary!"

His after-come weakness dropped away like it had never happened. He reared back, his cock plopping from the carny girl's asshole. A raging wild man, he slammed fatboy out of the way to get to the closest of the two men holding Rosemary's legs. His fist moved up from near the floor. There was a thump of knuckles against jaw and flesh, and the man crumpled. The man holding up Rosemary's other leg let go and moved back so fast that he fell off the platform.

Frank tore into the one fucking Rosemary and tossed him off. Most of the others scattered under the crazed attack, their bare cocks swinging. A few stayed and swapped punches. "You crazy? There's plenty here for everybody-"

Frank swung on that one with a punch that landed him off the platform on top of the others.

"The cops!" a voice cut through.

"Not cops... them!" another voice corrected as three carnival huskies moved in, throwing their weight around.

Everybody bolted for the tent entrance. Frank scooped up Rosemary, heaved her over his shoulder and clawed to the back of the tent where the sneak-in boys had loosened the canvas.

Outside, running and at the same time holding onto his falling trousers, he staggered along with Rosemary to a field where lights from the midway reached only dimly. He dropped her in the tall grass and tumbled down beside her.

Breathing hard, he grabbed her and shook. "How'd you get into such a fix? What happened?"

In the pale light Rosemary stared at him, dazed. "In a way," she choked, "my fault—"

"Your fault!" He shook her again.
"How could it be?"

Her tongue flicked slowly over her lips, tasting the last tart remnants of dried cum. She questioned wearily, "You didn't see the start of it?"

"All I saw was you spread out on the floor, and them goin' after you."

"I'm getting it," she said dully. Her voice turned bitter. "You were hogwallowed so deep in that bitch's-" She hesitated over the word she'd never spoken aloud in her life. "Cunt, that you didn't see me get up on the platform and tear the crotch out of my pantyhose and put my-cunt, my cunt, cunt, cunt, right down there in their faces jus' the way that city slut was doin' it to you."

"You didn't!" Frank's shocked voice denied.

"I sure did, buddy. Yes, and I never want to see you again!"

"Aw, honey-"

"You do have a right to know why I did it-I was gettin even with you."

Frank stared, agonized. The uncertain words jerked out of him. "I-I don't rightly know how come I did it. I sure didn't go to do it. I dunno. Everybody else doin' it-I'd do it to you if you want-"

"You will not! Filthy animal finagelin'.

Like a peehole-lickin' dog!"

"Aw, hon!" He reached to hold her close, but she wouldn't let him. "Everybody does it," he went on. "What they used to call Frenchin', on account they did it mostly in France, I reckon. Now they doin' it everywhere. In the X-films and magazines in drugstores and all over. It's like it's a natural part of makin' love."

He pulled her close again, and this time, fighting a little, she let him.

She took a deep, deep breath. "My, we're a mess! If we meet anyone on the way home, we'll have to tell 'em we were in an automobile wreck."

"We could go to my place," he urged. "Folks ain't home tonight. We could wash off, get in bed and pleasure ourselves any way we wanted to."

In the darkness gathered about them, he heard her hard, little laugh. "We sure learned us a lot of new tricks tonight, didn't we? Can't hardly wait for the carnival to come next year."



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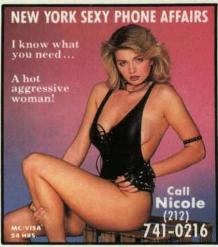
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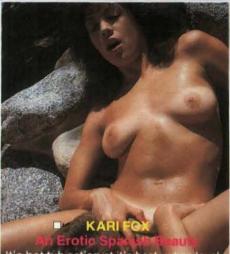




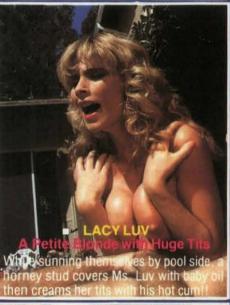
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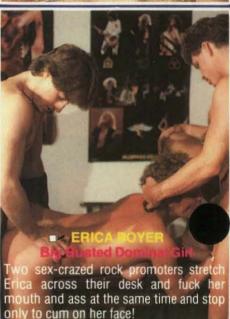
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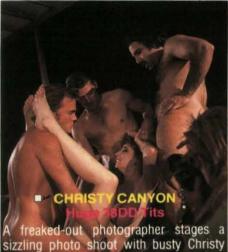
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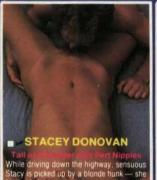












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OPERATION SEX CHANGE (continued from page 38)

"Middle-class people tend to restrict their immoral impulses. When they indulge, at least they're discreet."

French and Japanese dress designers, and he's hip to the music and movie scenes. The main thing is, he's sensitive to my moods, my little double-meanings, my funny little jokes. It's almost like being with another woman—without the cattiness. There's the added advantage of no problem about exchanging contaminated metabolic liquids."

But haven't the gays cooled it on the sex scene? My next expert witness, needless to say, was a wise, old closet homosexual. Jack B. is a 55-year-old ordained Episcopalian minister. As it happens, he doesn't practice his clerical calling. Sensibly enough, he's a full professor at a New England divinity school. Jack is smart, scholarly, cynical and skillfully manipulative. At the moment, Jack has mixed feelings about the New Morality.

On the down side, the AIDS epidemic has him crushed. "I can't believe it," he moaned. "After 30 years of hiding in the closet, I finally see this wonderful gay-pride thing emerging. Political strength, economic clout, gay churches, gay ministers preaching from pulpits! A real sense of gay power. And then..."

"Have gay morals changed?" I asked.

"Changed? Totally! Facts are, if you cruise for one-nighters these days, the chances are almost 100% that you'll get the virus. Promiscuity is down 80%. A lot of bathhouses have closed. The bar traffic is down 40%. And sex practices have changed. Safe sex. People take precautions. No exchange of fluids."

On the upside, the New Celibacy has done wonders for the tranquility of Jack's relationship with his 23-year-old live-in lover. Now that he has become an aging man of the cloth, Jack is vigorously preaching monogamy.

"That's what's happening, by God! People are staying home with their mates. Or, if you don't have a steady, then you stay home alone and watch *Dynasty*."

Here in this biblical context I heard again that label for the New Sexualityfriendship.

"Friendship," Jack said. "Monastic withdrawal from temptation. Male bonding in the spirit of the 12 apostles. Yes, these days in the gay community you bugger your friend or you don't fuck at all."

Farewell sexual freedom? Turning

from the holy to the secular side of the debate, I found that *Futurist* magazine has recently offered some sobering predictions about a New Victorianism. Editor Edward Cornish expects that the uncontrollable hysteria about herpes and AIDS now sweeping the Midwest and South will lead to a return to romantic love. "Unable to realize their sexual longings, people will do a lot of pining and fantasizing. Popular music will move back to love themes," Cornish says.

"Pornography will become less acceptable in polite society . . . but covert interest will intensify, as pornographic materials offer a substitute for risky live encounters. Traditional religious practices may revive."

This is probably the only time-past, present or future-when Jerry Falwell may find himself liking *Futurist*.

The law-enforcement view on the New Sexuality: To resolve these wildly differing opinions, I went next door to get a more conservative slant.

My right-wing neighbor, Clyde, is an assistant district attorney. He awaited me at the door, escorted me to the study and brought me a regulation Miller Lite. He drank standard-issue Perrier. Clyde wears a blue suit when he sweeps around his swimming pool. When making social conversation, Clyde stands at attention like G. Gordon Liddy giving a lecture on the Red Menace.

I wasted no time in popping the "sexchange" question. You don't pull punches with Clyde. "Sex practices depend on the ethnic and class demographics of the neighborhood," said Clyde with that clipped, know-it-all, lawman cadence. "In the poor neighborhoods it's lowlife, misdemeanor-mischief as usual. With those people, every man fornicates illegally and immorally with everyone. Lower-class individuals still coercively obtain the sexual favors of any helpless girl they can corner. Lower-class fathers still copulate with their daughters, cousins—you name it."

Clyde cleared his throat. I had a strong gut feeling that he was enjoying this conversation.

"Middle-class people, as we well know, tend to restrict their immoral impulses. When they indulge, at least (here he coughed) they're discreet. Thank God.

"As for the kids, nothing new there. Spank 'em or spoil 'em, they're rotten through and through. As usual, they're in severe need of discipline and law and order."

The D.A.'s son gives his opinion on the morality of the '80s: To check this out, I spent an hour talking to Clyde's son, Barry, a freshman at a small Eastern college. He said that there were 19 kids on his dorm floor and that only two were





"SECRET MISTRESSES"

OPERATION SEX CHANGE (continued from page 100)

There was this hot-looking, born-again Baptist girl on her knees in front of a football player. She wasn't praying.

virgins-both hopeless eggheads. Sexual activity tended to be located in your clique. The dopers, the jocks, the intellectuals fooled around with members of their own group.

"You mean, friends do it with friends?" I asked.

"Yeah, for sure. Dumb kids make it with each other. Smart ones, with their chums."

Basically, Barry thought that the New Morality issue was just grown-ups talking wistfully about their own problems with waning sexual desire.

"Most kids think about sex all the time," said Barry with a shy smile. "At our parties we get X-rated movies, and they play all night-to give atmosphere."

"Are you saying that teenage boys still want to fuck anyone they can get their hands on?"

Barry laughed sheepishly. "Yeah, something like that. And too often all you can get your hand on is your own best friendyou know, yourself."

We both laughed.

"Haven't kids always been hung up on sex?" asked Barry. "Look at the Fort Lau-

I am over 19 yrs of age & request this materia

derdale deal. In most Eastern schools, kids can't wait to cut loose. The weeks before spring break you can cut the tension with a knife. Girls can't wait to pile into a car and head south. Boys too. You know they don't go to Florida to ski."

Fast times at the local high school: To check this out I went right to the source. I interviewed Marilyn, a senior in a Seattlearea high school. I was impressed by her poise and wisdom. To every question she responded, "That depends."

Are kids doing it as much as previous

generations?" I asked.

"That depends. People fool around with the kids they hang out with. Like the jocks, they make it with the cheerleaders. The girls run around with bobby socks and pom-poms, screaming, 'All the way, Bears!' And the guys are always talking about getting their rocks off and crude stuff like that.

"The kids act sedate, but don't be fooled. It's a scam on their parents. These kids get dressed up in 1950s gowns and dinner jackets and dance the fox-trot in the gymnasium, and their parents are so pleased-they're so conservative. Like little grown-ups. Well, hey! By midnight at the freeway motels those lace dresses are being pulled off and hung neatly on chairs. And the yuppie drugs like cocaine and Quaaludes are being passed around."

According to Marilyn, sexual activity among high-school kids also seems to depend on family, racial and religious beliefs. Oriental kids seem more straight, prudish and hardworking. Kids from born-again Christian families appear to be more conservative. Anti-abortion and

stuff. They all love Reagan.

"It sorta depends," said Marilyn. "It depends on how good-looking they are. If the Christian girl is a real knockout, she tends to forget Jerry Falwell when the glands start pumping. I remember one night this kid whose folks were away gave a party, and I walked into a bedroom, and there was this real hot-looking, bornagain Baptist girl on her knees in front of a football player. She wasn't praying.

"Come to think of it," said Marilyn, "the most sincere Christian kids tend to be pimpled and chubby and running low on animal magnetism to begin with.

In general, Marilyn thought that kids today were pretty selective. And laid back. "They do it, but keep it quiet. It's kinda' invisible. Friendship is important."

"Is there a different standard for boys and for girls?" I asked.

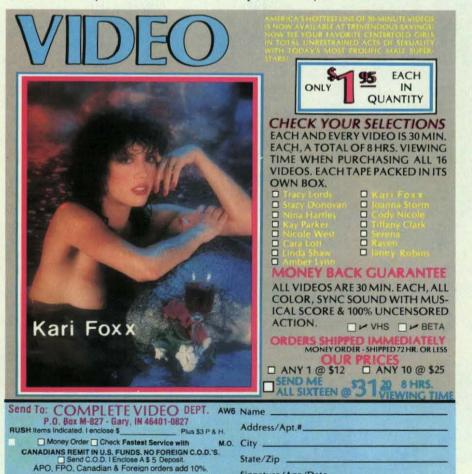
"For sure. Guys that screw around a lot are considered hot stuff. And girls who come on to a lot of guys are considered bad girls."

How come kids don't know where babies come from? Next, I arranged a lunch with my friend Fred, a counselor in an urban high school. As far as he was concerned, there had been no drop in sexual activity.

"What New Puritanism? This country is floating in a sea of sexual stimulation. How about the R-rated films on cable beaming into homes? Thirteen-year-olds watching naked bodies writhing away! How about the X-rated cassettes? Over 100 porn titles a month coming on the market! Middle-class families screening hard-core on their home TV! The Calvin Klein ads. Madonna and Prince prancing around half-naked on raunchy MTV! Never in history has an adolescent generation been exposed to such wall-to-wall sexuality. And it's all hooked up to advertising and merchandising."

Fred was worried. Not about immorality, but about the alarming jump in pregnancies. "Kids just won't take precautions. They apparently haven't figured out where babies come from! They cheerfully get pregnant, not just once but several times. These are not just unwanted pregnancies; they're unconscious pregnancies.

"They have information about sex. Manuals and how-to books and magazine arti-



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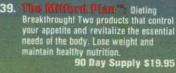
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OPERATION SEX CHANGE (continued from page 102)

There does seem to be one consistent sex-change in our culture. The quality and variety has improved.

cles, yet they're not using the data to manage their lives."

Fred thinks that television and films have dulled kids' consciousness and desensitized them from the real, flesh-andblood world. "You know, they watch Rambo in the theaters, bare-chested, gunning down armies of gooks, and they watch Reagan smile and wave while he sends bombers over Grenada and Libya, and they don't realize the difference. They think that sex is aerobic fun, rubbing body parts together. They don't seem to connect sex with the deep significance of the procreative act. It's the yuppie, '80s attitude: Sex is healthy exercise, good for your self-esteem, like dancing, jogging and bowling.

"It was different in the '60s. Everything was very important. Holy! They even called psychedelic drugs sacraments!

"Sex was an act of yogic celebration. A resurrection of the body! Sounds corny to say this, but there was an undeniable reverence for life in the '60s.

"Antiwar. Peace and love, baby! People talking about raising their consciousness. Kids putting flowers in the barrels of National Guard rifles. Ecological concern for the oneness of life. Somehow, though, it all led to silly vegetarianism, goofy, pompous idealism and silly, geewhiz spiritualism. But it's a statistical fact that teenage suicide rates were way down in the '60s, and so were the unconscious pregnancies.

"In the '60s there was almost no personal violence. All the violence was governmental. Take Woodstock. For three days 500,000 kids rolled around in the mud listening to rock music, without one reported act of violence. Rape was unthinkable, man. Fighting was uncool.

"By contrast, during one week of spring break in 1986, seven college kids died in Fort Lauderdale, falling off hotel balconies drunk. And in the Palm Springs Easter riots, kids roved the streets, drunk, pulling bikinis off women in cars.

"I'm talking about the coarseness, meanness, thoughtlessness, materialism and low consciousness of the Reagan years. Kids seem to be fucking more and enjoying it less, if you ask me."

Is there a generation sex-gap? Do you want a bottom line to this discussion?

Well, it is my opinion, based on more than 100 interviews and an extensive review of the available scientific data, that during the past five years there has been no drop in the quantity of sexual activity.

There is, of course, a generation difference here. No shit, Sherlock, the older you are, the less you think about and indulge in sex! Ringo and Paul and George and Mick and the wild gangs that were our models in the past have unquestionably cooled down. I'm only talking about the living, so to speak.

But look! Here come the kids! If anything, they're doing it more and earlier. The 1984 *Newsweek* poll revealed that by the age of 23 only 10% of college kids were virgins.

There does, however, seem to be one consistent sex-change in our American culture. The quality and variety has improved.

At all ages, Americans seem to be more sophisticated and more selective about sex. Frenzied promiscuity is certainly out of fashion. Especially among gays. The current sexual attitude: Be cool, do it wisely, do it well and don't flaunt it.

Women's liberation is for real. But you won't find the New Woman hanging around the village general store looking for a farmboy. You'll locate New Women in that one-third of the population that is better educated, upwardly mobile and more sophisticated.

The rise in teenage pregnancy is also for real, but mainly in urban ghettos and among the lower class.

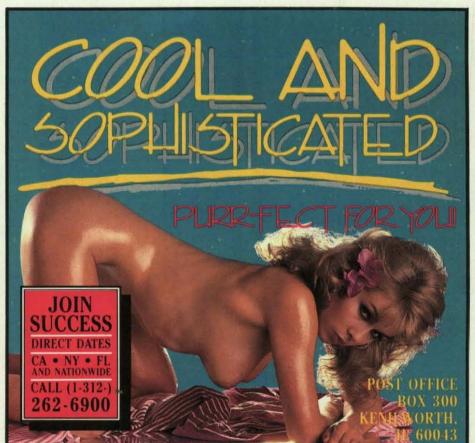
Yes, Virginia, there is no New Puritanism: What about that New Conservatism that you've been reading about? It's media hype. Network executives and magazine editors creating fads to boost newsstand circulation, reacting to the wishful thinking of vocal moral minorities.

Performers and moralists come and go, but sexual attitudes today still reflect the basic, earthy American virtues of tolerance, good humor, common sense and fair play. Sure the right-wing fanatics continue to wring their hands at the idea that people are still pursuing life, liberty and happiness. Rest assured that American women are not going to let themselves be put in veils and chastity belts. Despite Nancy Reagan, America still wants to have fun and enjoy life.

There is no New Sexual Conservatism. Nor is hedonism destroying us. Your daughters are safe, Archie Bunker. They are more realistic. They are smarter. They want to fuck friends, not strangers.

And that has to be beneficial for the mind, for the body, for the soul and for the American way of life.

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The interviewees' names have been changed to protect their anonymity.





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with Huge Cocks, Studs with big boobs. Nothing censored, close-up scenes of beautiful She-Males in action!



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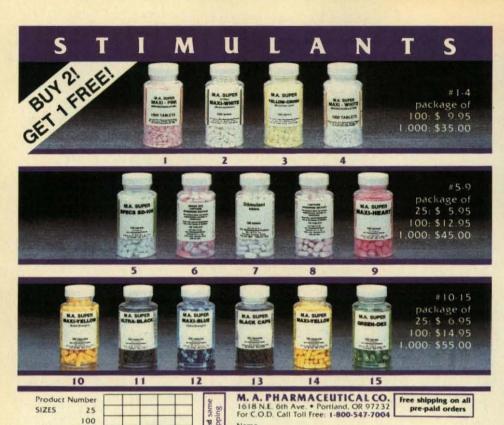
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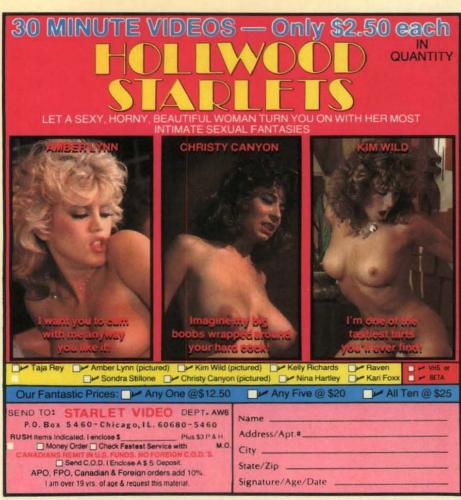


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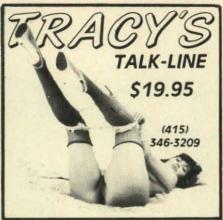
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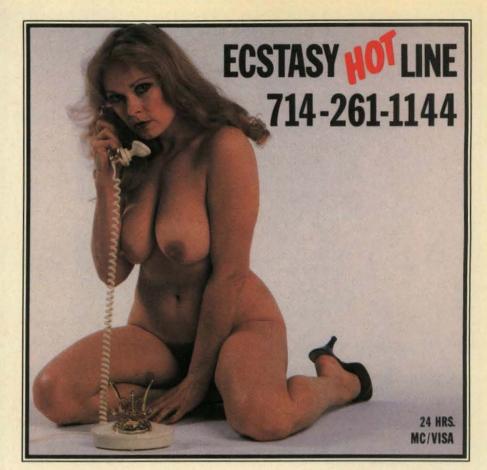
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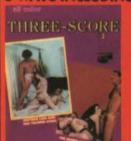


MAGAZINE

2Y. VIDEO

You could almost hear their chemies pop as they feel cock for the first time. Smooth snatch with pink lips open up for more

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MONEY

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She got her first taste of cock and she couldn't get enough of the white sperm. Her hungry mouth cried for more.

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MAGAZINE 15.

25. VIDEO

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MAGAZINE

21.

VIDEO

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2P. VIDEO

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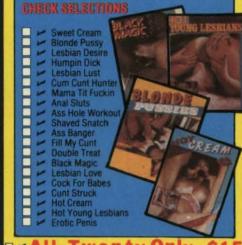
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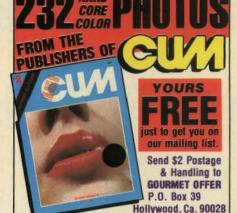
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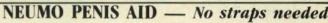
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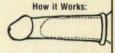
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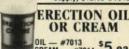
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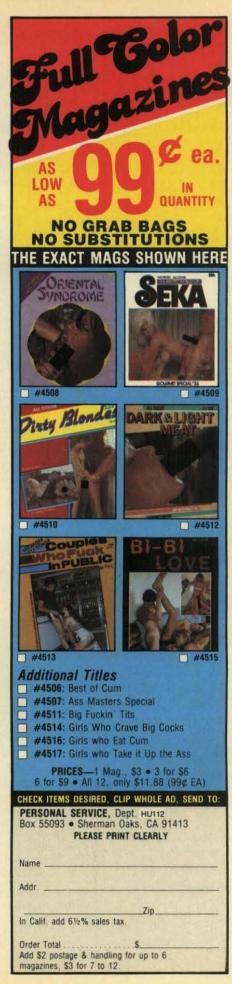
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## HUSTLER.

November issue on sale September 16, 1986



You'll be thankful for the babes in the November HUSTLER. It's a toss-up as to who'll get you hotter: our stripped California girl or the tall drink of Texas beauty who's our November centerfold. We know you'll warm to porn stars Buffy Davis and Taija Rae on a picnic that turns into an erotic flesh feast. Finally, HUSTLER presents the ultimate battle of the sexes as a female wrestler grapples a male opponent. We won't say how it turns out, but both of them show that they know the ropes.



If you value civil liberties, don't miss James W. Harris's "Banned in Your Bedroom: The All-Out War on Adult Entertainment." In many parts of the country noisy minorities are hectoring legitimate businessmen and pushing through censorship laws with witchhunt qualities. It isn't only a matter of newsstands pulling magazines off their shelves—married couples can actually be arrested for viewing X-rated movies in their home! Don't say, "It can't happen here." Read how it's happening already.

#### PRISON NIGHTMARE

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#### PLUS LAUGHS, LUST AND MORE

"Fangs," creepy erotic fiction by Jay Ellis, gives vampirism a new bite; Hot Letters bends bones with explicit reader sex confessions; America's most sexually open amateur nude models spread for Beaver Hunt; HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment continues the tradition of the world's most respected adult-movie reviews; and Bits and Pieces provides more laughs. The November '86 HUSTLER will make you glad there's still a real men's magazine around.



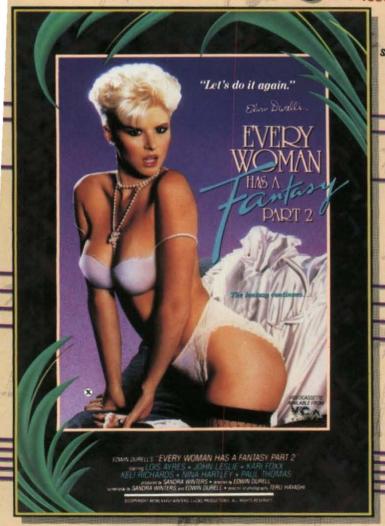




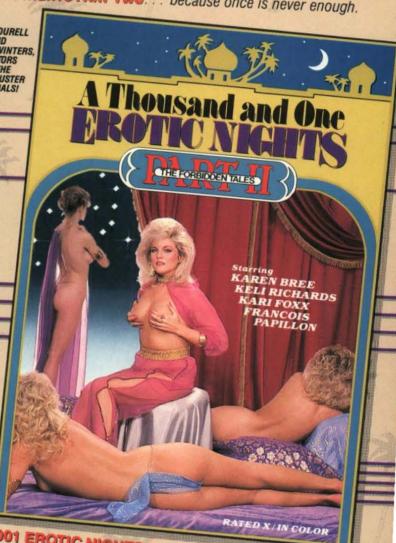


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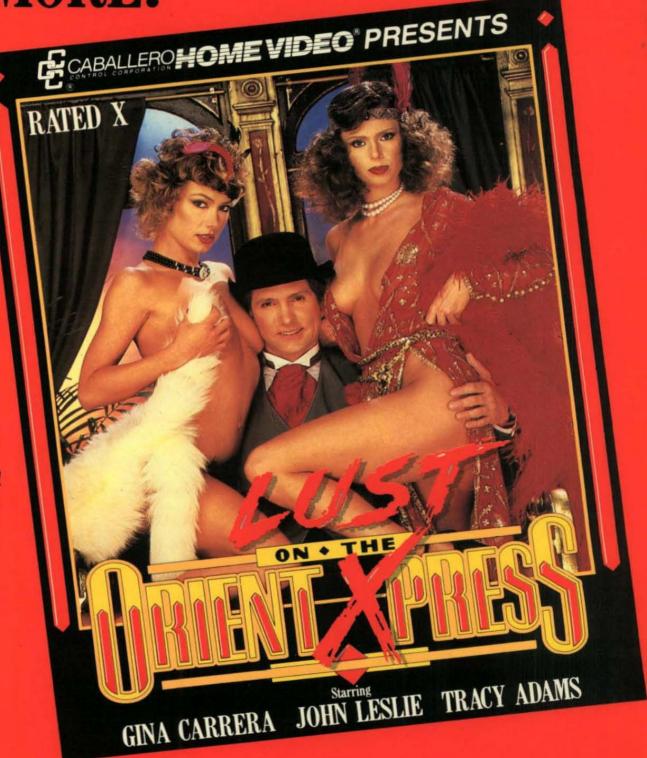
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